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WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

October Days.

BY LEDA.

At her days are come at last
When winds edging steal
Through cranny cliffs and forest vale
In clanging tinsle's peal.
Coquettish like, in murmurs low,
Then passes on the way,
And gentle south-winds come along
As though they meant to stay.

Now glancing sunLine bursting forth
In bright and graceful mood,
Our yellow fields of glistening corn,
Then dancing through the wood;
Would seem to court a resting place
Its weary flight to stay,
But dooting clouds come on apace
And chase the beams away.

Her fickle mood outrivals art
In colors' grand array,
She's batter'd now the forests youth
For autumn tints more gay:
I fain would love these golden leaves—
These colors bright, but brief,
But when they come to change with flowers
O, who can bear the grief.
'Tis sad to see the flowerets die—
Stand shivering in the dew
And know that in the evening's walk
You've bid them all adieu.

Proud dahlias flaunting in the breeze
Queen flowers of orient hue
And other flowers that stood hard by
More lowly, sweeter too
Have perished all this brightest morn
By one night's frosty breath—
That came and rested on the dew
And chill'd the flowers with death.

Now soon the withered leaves will lie
Thick strewn upon the ground,
Washed off by drenching autumn rains
And whirled in eddys round.
And hunters come with varying tread,
Migrating flocks to lower,
Hastening the rabbit in his track,
The squirrel from his store.

'Tis most that these october days,
The last of summer's reign.
The planet world in roaring course
Should bring to life again.
So when our own shall cease to be,
Our autumn reign be o'er,
Redected in the Christian's faith
Shall live again once more.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Drift Wood From Life's Sea.

Founded on Fact.

BY KATE J. BOYD.

In a little village not far from the great metropolis, might have been seen a small red building called the "Half way House"—where once could have been found entertainment for "Man and Beast." As we are not particularly interested in external matter, we will take up the contents, viz: the Host and Hostess—and scan with Argus eye, their humanity.

Now for a description.

Robert Burie, was a man of middle age, presenting a fine front, with dark eyes, and still darker hair, of athletic build, and with all a countenance, which would deceive even a Lavater; thus showing 'tis not always well to judge by appearances.

The fair being who occupies the unenviable position of help mate to Robert, was a blonde, of sweet and attractive manners, and gentle disposition. "None knew her but to love her, none named her but to praise." We wish we could say as much for her lord; but alas! no rose without a thorn.

The time our story opens they had been married many years, and their union had been productive of much strife.

Tho' they had accumulated wealth, it did not bring them happiness, for many were the bitter tears that bathed Mary's sunny brow; for she had drank deeply from the cup of sorrow, which Robert was continually filling and placing to her lips. Many said to her, "leave him;" and we doubt not that she would have done so—but a sacred link in life's chain was entrusted to her keeping, and the heart of a true mother, beat in loving response to the pleading look of her darling boy.

"Not yet," she cried, "but the time will come when I shall free myself from this monster in human form."

Strange as it may appear, Robert was equally fond of his son, and it was through this *Key* that she thought to free herself.

Days passed, weeks grew to months, and years rolled on, at length the joyous hour arrived, when mingled with mournful sadness, for she had never disclosed her secret to any one, and it was like parting with life, for she knew not that she would ever meet her child again upon earth. What moments of agony! were those passed between mother and son. He tried to see her, but left the desolation to keep in her own heart.

The sweet balm of sympathy was withheld, now that Charlie's heart was turned.

Mother and son parted a flood of heedless fate ran between their souls.

Princeton was the college whither he had turned his steps, after being duly installed he wrote home giving an account of himself, associates and professors.

He was delighted with the new life he had entered upon, and had made up his mind to acquit with honor, all the duties required of him.

How thankful we should be that an all wise Providence has so ordered it, that new faces, and new scenes, will divert us from heart-sorrows.

Waiting some time for a letter from home he began to grow uneasy, and concluded to consult with his chum, as to what he'd best do—write—or go home.

"Go home, Charlie—never—why, I'd have more spirit than to go home before the term expires. You will be called a freshman, truly." This prevailed quietus, so he wrote home, and in the course of a few days he received an answer, stating that his mother was ill, and it was impossible for her to write.

This was merely a ruse.

The morning that Charlie left for college, his mother put her vow into execution.

Time rolled on, still no tidings of home. The college term expired, and Charlie started for his village home, where grief had entered during his absence, and remorse was doing its work with Robert. He began to realize that he had cast a treasure from him, in the loss of his wife. Ah! why did he not think of it before.

There are some scenes in life, which are too sacred for the gaze of a curious world—and we will gently draw the curtain o'er this meeting between father and son.

Completely unnerved by this sudden grief, Charles Burie became frenzied, and his father fearful of reason being dethroned called in a physician, who advised an immediate change of scene.

Father and son determined upon seeking the lost. They made a tour of the States, but all to no purpose—at last they concluded to go to Europe. He wrote to his chum to that effect, at the same time, making a request to keep up a correspondence with him during his sojourn abroad—which was readily acceded to by Johnson.

Again upon the ocean wave, all they thought of was her, in fact, Robert was sinking unconsciously under his loss, and with him it proved that the "way of the transgressor was hard." Charlie's grief was silent, but hope kept him up. Time, the great reveal'er, was doing its work—Robert Burie found a grave upon a foreign shore, and poor Charlie wandered on in loneliness.

Some few months after his father's death, he received a letter from Johnson, stating that he would visit Europe in the Spring, and he must cheer up, for he would yet find the lost. A new light sprung up, and his heart was strengthened by this pleasing intelligence.

While these events were taking place, his mother was quietly domesticated as housekeeper, under an assumed name, in the Quaker City.

Spring came with its buds and blossoms—The gentle Zephyrs were playing ever and anon, with the flowers, but with it came no Frank, for the hand of Providence had fallen upon his young brow, with fever in its touch, and he was hovering between life and death. Frank Johnson, being the only friend to whom he confided the sorrow of his young life, caused him to ask the question, "Now what if he should be taken away?" the thought was unbearable. The mournful sound of a murmuring farewell smote o'er his heart in this new grief.

He bid farewell to haunts which were familiar, and set sail for his native land.

Hope had well nigh sank to rest ere he reached his place of destiny. He remarked to us that he felt like a "Stranger, in a strange land."

The darker the clouds the sooner they'll break, and glow with fresh light on the morrow.

What was his joy to find Frank convalescent but greater joy than this was in store for him, for the lost was found, and Charlie clasped to his arms, Frank's nurse, in whom he found his long lost mother.

Reader, this is no fiction—but a true draft from the checker board of life.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

AT LAST.

BY CLAIRE.

"I know, I know our Love
Shall yet call gentle angels from above,
By its unifying fervors and prevail,
Sending a breath, as of spring's first gale,
Through hearts now cold; and raising its bright face
With a free gush of sunny tears erase
The characters of anguish; in this trust,
I bear, I strive, I bow not to the dust."

The evening was calm, not a ruffle could be heard to disturb the monotonous silence. The stillness seemed to echo the heavy, stifled sobs as they stood around the new made grave, a low subdued voice uttered the word mother! and pitying glances fell upon the lonely mourner, a slight girl whose form was bent and quivering with suppressed emotion, leaned against the slight railing for support. Who has not heard the falling of the earth, upon the coffin lid of some dear and beloved one, who is forever hidden from our sight, does it not sink deep into the heart with a leaden, pressing weight, burthening our very life, and leaving a cold, chilly sensation of our loss, as the fall becomes light, we become more sensible of the long parting; and that never more on earth can we greet again the beloved face. We look to the beyond, where so much is promised to those who are faithful, and hope for happiness so often wrenched from us in this troublous world; it is our only hope:—Mrs Monroe had come for a short stay with an early friend and schoolmate, who had invited her with the hope that her health would improve, upon hearing that she was in a decline. It was not two months before the death angel came, to summon her away. Her life had been brief and sorrowful. She loved and was beloved. Her father was the possesser of immense wealth, and the accomplished and beautiful Emily Manly, loved one whom her father opposed. He was a young Lawyer with scarcely the means to live, with talents and perseverance, he hoped to gain a support for himself and Emily. They left the Father who forbade her entering his home again with him. "Emily" he called after her "if you are ever in want, leave him and come to me, and you will find a father's heart open to you, mind, to you alone." Emily's heart sunk, as the father's voice was mournful even in its sternness, of the thought of leaving him forever, for she was his idol, his only one, but it was for love that she was going, and what does not young love hope for, bright days and fairy flowers, its dreams are only of bright and beautiful things. Hope glitters around and hovers a beautiful bird, but does peace, heaven-born peace, remain, ah me! when love comes, 'peace sleeps upon the breast of strife' only to awaken, love brings sorrow, as the rose the thorn, love nor any earthly gift can bring perfect happiness, in this world, and Emily felt that sorrow followed in the train with love. Her husband kind and devoted was all that the devoted father could have wished, there was nothing on earth so dear as his darling Emily, and he grieved to place her in poverty with him, her every wish was gratified. It was despair to see her fade day after day, and he could not stay the destroyer, Consumption had claimed her. The hectic flush and pallid brow told it but too plainly. He would leave her with her friend until his return from a tiresome journey when he hoped to procure money sufficient to take her on a sea-voyage. His heart misgave him as he left his two Emilys, with a bitter burning heart, such as the pure alone can realize when their all of happiness is dependant upon riches. He did not return, the boat on which he sailed, was wrecked and very few saved. Emily now doubly an orphan, was much beloved by her kind friend Mrs. Ellis, they were wealthy, and Mrs. Monroe had been her dearest friend at school, and she could never forsake her child. There was none so much beloved at school as Emily. Her teacher knew her as a child of her own. If one was wanted in sickness, it was Emily's hand that could best smooth the pillow, and her feet glide in noiselessly over the floor. She had nursed her teacher during an illness of some weeks, which drew them nearer ever after, we are ever thankful for what is done for us when we cannot help ourselves, this sense of dependence makes us grateful. On the last day of the school, there were many moist eyes and quivering lips as the low good byes were said. Emily could not restrain the sobs as she bade her teacher good bye, may God bless you my dear child, and keep you in his holy care said the teacher, remember my child when earthly friends fail, there is One above who is ever watchful over us and remember "He doeth all things well."

Beautiful beautiful was echoed by many voices, as Emily entered the crowded room where Mrs. Ellis presided with matronly dignity the kind hostess for the pride of a Mother's heart was there, in the person of her only son, Charles Ellis. A calm thoughtful face distinguished him from others. His deep eyes with searching glance rested upon Emily.—Good as she is beautiful exclaimed he as he moved to meet her. He felt the hand tremble and saw the marble paleness overspread her cheek as he led her to a seat.

"Miss Monroe,—Emily! what is you are pale!"

"Nothing nothing," she replied, "the are very warm."

He brought a glass of water, which she drank and felt better. "I will entertain you if it be possible for full five minutes," said he in a gay tone:" "O you are to be amused to night that is what we are here for." We can talk of this among the flowers if you will go? will you Emily!"

"I cannot! I am not well and you must excuse me, besides there are many here that you must be interested in to night."

"I will not trouble you longer," exclaimed he rising to leave; he did not understand Emily and thought she had a dislike to him and he could not meet with a repulse. They had been together three months before reaching home, he having joined them while on their summer tour. Emily admired and beloved by all claimed his attention, for how could he remain a stranger when she was so much beloved by his dearest ones, and by none more than the mother whom he almost idolized. Emily knew by many little acts which tell more than words that she was beloved, and in return her deep passionate soul could only go out to meet his. Charles was of a doubting nature, and feared that he was not beloved as he loved, which rendered him unhappy when away from her. It might be that she felt grateful for the care of his mother, and would repay him in kindness, when it was love only he hoped for, ay his very life would be no sacrifice if Emily would only love as he did, words were denied him while in her presence, but this night he had resolved to tell it all, if she would only hear him. She repulsed him as he thought by speaking coldly, and was she not opposed to being alone with him. She shall not exult over my weakness, as he left her to seek others who at least would treat him with kindness.

There was a charmed circle around her, for Emily had never before appeared so brilliantly beautiful, her gay silvery laugh rang out, and repartees from her dazzling lips gained her more admirers, all eyes were turned toward her the bright particular star of the room.—The bloom upon her cheeks telling the feverish and sensitive temperament, only heightened the brilliancy of her eyes. It was only when she was silent, that the sad and wearied expression crossed her face, which excited the attention of some who were near. Charles was only making himself wretched by staying away, for he thought she seemed happier with others and he would not trouble her for a moment, and if her eyes rested upon him sadly, it could only be pity for one she felt grateful to for others sake. He did not sleep that night jealous fears were tormenting him, causing him to do injustice to himself and others. The meeting at the breakfast table was cool, they sat together but did not converse at ease.

"You seemed happy last night," he said.

"Part of the evening I was well pleased, did you have a gay time Mr. Ellis."

He had never heart his name called by her so coldly. "I was delighted to see others well pleased, how could I be otherwise." It was a dull breakfast, they did not see the lips tremble nor the head drop before it ended. Emily longed to be away—anywhere but with Charles who she feared disliked her so very much, and she could not help it. The dinner hour came, but Emily pleaded headache, tea came still she did not appear, I fear she is going to be very ill, said Mrs. Ellis, with a troubled anxious look at Charle. Emily ill? asked he rising from his seat, then as suddenly resuming it. The physicin must be called mother, I will attend to it immediately, he left the room, forgetting the hat on the chair beside him. The physicin pronounced it nervous fever brought on by intense excitement. She required constant attendance for weeks, the room was darkened and the steps modulated to the sick and tired head. Mrs. Ellis leaned over her with a Mother's fond solicitude. Emily did not call her name, "my dear teacher. O! my teacher I want you near me," she would call out in her frenzied moments. "O tell me is all things well, when I am bereaved of Mother and Father, I have none to trust! O none will trust me any more, but there is one who 'doeth all things well'" "Mrs. Ellis" she said looking up, "where is my good teacher, she has been telling me that my mother wants me with her. O let me go dear, good friend, for you wed my Mother." "Emily, Emily, my darling" stammered Mrs. Ellis, while all eyes in the room filled with tears, "we all love you so much that we want you well, and Charles is anxious to see you." "Charles! I should like to see him. How long has it been since the night of the Party here. Dear Mrs. Ellis, forgive me you have been so kind, forgive me if I have been ungrateful."

"I fear you have not been happy Emily, my child!"

"Happy! do you think that I shall ever be happy?"

"Emily your fever excites you, you must be quiet now."

"I will do whatever you say."

"She is the dearest, best, child on earth surely," exclaimed Mrs. Ellis after telling Charles of Emily's wandering and concious moments.

"Mother, Mother take care of her, she is too frail to bear the trials of life alone, poor Emily I did not know that she was so sensitive, or I should not have been unkind even in thought."

Mrs. Ellis did not dream that Charles was so wholly engrossed with Emily, although it was her heart's dearest wish, that Emily should be beloved by the best, and who could she think better than Charles?

"Sweet flowers!" utterred Emily as Mrs. Ellis with gentle touch lay them on the white coverlid

"Charles sends them and says that you must soon be as bright as they."

"Violets!" half whispered Emily when alone, "they are very sweet," pressing her lips to them, a slip of white paper was wrapped around the flowers which she unwound.

"*Emily*:—Dearest and best, forgive me, I know your gentle heart will, when you hear how wretched I have been CHARLES."

She pressed the strip to her lips, then hastily concealed it beneath her pillow.

"Can you bear good news, Emily?" asked Mrs. Ellis, whose face was flushed from excitement.

"Anything now," but Mrs. Ellis did not think so, as she pressed her hand caressingly over the pale face with the tenderest care—"Your father—"

"My father!" O dear, Mrs. Ellis, has Heaven been so merciful."

"He is living, my child, and will be with you soon, here is the letter."

Emily learned how he had escaped from imminent peril, and landed on a foreign shore, where he passed years of wretchedness and torture, from his beloved wife and child; at last, when a vessel sailed near his old home his heart had so yearned to see, he came with wealth, which alas! could never restore to him the happiness he had lost; he had come to claim his child. Tears blinded Emily, as she heard footsteps approaching, "Father"—he sank upon his knees at her bedside, and caught both her hands in his own, "Darling, darling," he uttered as kissing her pale brow, teardrops fell from eyes unused to weeping. The deep furrows on his

brow, told how much of care had been his, and as he bent finally over her with a searching frenzied glance, she knew it was of her mother he was thinking, "My father, she is blest and happy."

"O, Emily, we shall be happy, when we go to her—she is blest—blest. I ought not to grieve, it is sinful, but my heart rebels often—too often"

The bowed form grieved with emotion and Emily felt that *his* grief was too sacred to intrude upon. He raised his head and looked again into her eyes without speaking. It was the silence which told how happy each felt—for happiness has no words, we cannot sound the depths of affection or sorrow, both are unfathomable, our deepest sorrows, our dearest hopes, are buried far from human sight, never to be revealed until the "righteous judge" shall call them forth, for He alone is "A discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart," the world is harsh judging, but it is a comfort to know how false are many things belonging to it. It was refreshing to Emily to look again upon the bright flowers with dew-drops upon them, she felt that loving and fond hearts were with her and there was one whose every glance followed her, with deep earnest tenderness, telling how very much she was beloved. Charles loved her before her illness, now he feared he would idolize her, no movement of her was unheeded, the shaded walk the comfortable seat, all were for her when Charles was near She felt grateful for it all. The ... er is anxious for her health and he will go to the sea-shore where the bloom may be restored to the pale cheeks "I will be truthful and faithful, Charles," she uttered at parting. ... quivering lips made no reply holding the ... s tightly as he bale her good-bye, he quickly loosed them. Emily felt their icy coldness, and look up to his face to find the eyes dimmed with tears; burying her face upon her father's shoulder, she sobbed until she had lost sight of her childhood's home.

A year had brought Emily's roses again to her cheeks and she was brilliant and admired as the heiress of immense wealth, none so beautiful as Emily Monroe, with her pure calm face when in repose. Grief ones were around her but she did not heed them, her heart was upon one far away. She was leaning from a window with her head bowed upon her hand, an old man entered, he started upon seeing her, and moved back drawing his hands across his eyes, and sank into a seat—"Emily! O no it cannot be, she is gone forever from me"

Emily seeing his agitation moved towards him.

"It is her! my child; my lost—my only one—no it cannot be."

"Can I help you."

"O no you curse me, it is my Emily's child I behold, at last, at last. I have found my Emily's child."

Kneeling at her grandfather's feet she felt the hands laid in blessings upon her head.—The bowed form and whitened locks told that sorrow had its weight there.

"My Emily once more my darling, my only one I see you again in the likeness of your child" and tears streamed down the deep furrows of his wan cheeks—"My son."

"My Father," were the only words, as Emily placed her Father's hand within her grandfather's.

Charles Ellis the gifted young Lawyer had won fame, honors were his and Emily rejoiced that she might meet him to-night. The rooms were crowded, and as Emily entered leaning upon the arm of her grandfather, a murmur ran through the crowd; leaning against a pillar, she saw a pale face, whose earnest eyes gazed upon her so intently that she turned her head away. She did not see him again that night, but she heard that Charles Ellis was there. With a weary heart, she sought her room where she passed a restless night—"is life one constant scene of earth weariness? alas; our brightest hopes are too often dashed from us." It was her birth-night and Emily met Charles with a calm outward bearing, her father had brought him to her.

"Mrs. Ellis your Mother is well I hope?"

"Very well."

"Charles, are you indeed so coldly changed since we parted"

"Forgive Emily, I heard that you were changed, they told me, and I believed them when I saw you turn away from me. There is none in all this broad earth that I love as I do you darling Emily; friend of long gone days, I saw that you were beloved by others and feared you had quite forgotten our early dreams of love; say Emily do you remember them, and will you trust me as in the long ago?"

"Evermore Charles," and the fair jewelled hand he clasped was left within his own; the deep eyes filled with tears, that he could not look upon. The Father prized them with, "I hope you are happy,"—and he gravely added "remember it may not last long."

DISGRACEFUL AFFAIR IN MEMPHIS.

On Wednesday last, a desperate outlaw named Tom Stokes, who but a few days previous had made a murderous assault upon the local editor of the Memphis Avalance, marched into the Recorder's Court, in that city, accompanied by a body guard of ten rough characters, and announced to the Court that he had violated the city ordinance in a certain particular, and desired to submit his case to the Recorder.—That functionary imposed a fine of $50, which exceeded the expectations of Stokes, he coolly marched out of Court, surrounded by his body guard, no attempt being made by the officers present to arrest him. The ruffian was subsequently arrested and lodged in jail.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

A COMPENDIUM OF LAW.

NUMBER XIX.

Estates upon Condition:

Besides the several divisions of estates, in point of interest, there is another species which is called an estate upon condition; an estate, whose existence depends upon the happening or not happening of some uncertain court, whereby the estate may be either originally created, or enlarged, or finally defeated.—These estates are more properly, qualifications of other estates than a distinct species of themselves; and any quantity of interest, a fee, a freehold, or a term of years, may depend upon these provisional restrictions. They are either, estates upon condition implied by law, as where a grant of an estate has condition annexed to it inseparably from its essence and constitution, although no condition be expressed in words; or estates upon condition expressed in the grant itself, as where an estate is granted, either in fee simple or otherwise, with an express qualification annexed, whereby the estate granted, shall either commence, be enlarged, or be defeated, upon performance or breach of such qualification or condition.

These conditions are therefore either precedent or subsequent. Precedent are such as must happen or be performed before the estate can vest or be enlarged; subsequent, are such by the failure or non performance of which an estate already vested may be defeated Thus if an estate for life be limited to A. upon his marriage with B. the marriage is a precedent condition, and till that happens no estate is vested in A. But if a man grant an estate in fee, simple, reserving to himself and his heirs a certain rent; and that if such rent be not paid at the times limited, it shall be lawful for him and his heirs to re enter, and avoid the estate: in this case the grantee and his heirs have an estate upon condition subsequent, which is defeasible, if the condition be not strictly performed.

A distinction is made between a condition in deed and a limitation, which Littleton denominates, a condition in law. When an estate is so confined and limited by the words of its creation, that it cannot endure for any longer time than till the contingency happens upon which the estate is to fail, that is denominated a limitation; as when land is granted to a man, so long as he is parson of Dale, or while he continues unmarried. In such case the estate determines as soon as the contingency happens, and the next subsequent estate, which depends upon such determination, becomes immediately vested, without any act to be done by him who is next in expectancy. But when an estate is, strictly speaking upon condition in deed—as if granted expressly upon condition to be void upon the payment of a sum of money, by the grantor, or so that the grantee continues unmarried—the law permits it to endure beyond the time when such contingency happens, unless the grantor, or his heirs or assigns, take advantage of the breach of the condition, and make either an entry or a claim in order to avoid the estate.

Though strict words of condition be used in the creation of an estate, if on the breach of the condition, the estate be limited over to a third person, and does not immediately revert to the grantor or his representatives—as if A. grant an estate to B. on condition that within two years B. intermarry with C. and on failure thereof, then to D. and his heirs—this the law construes to be a limitation and not a condition, because if it were a condition, then upon the breach thereof, only A. or his representatives could avoid the estate by entry, and so D's remainder might be defeated by their neglecting to enter; but when it is a limitation, the estate of B. determines, and that of D. commences, and he may enter on the lands, the instant the failure begins. So if a man devises by his will, lands to his heir at law, on condition that he pays a sum of money, and for non payment, devises it over; this is a limitation; otherwise no advantage could be taken of the non-payment, for none but the heir himself could have entered for a breach of condition.

Express conditions, if they be impossible at the time of their creation, or afterwards become impossible by the act of God or of the proffor himself, or if they be contrary to law, or repugnant to the nature of the estate, are void. In any of which causes, if they be conditions subsequent, that is to be performed after the estate is vested, the estate shall become absolute in the tenant. But if the condition be precedent, or to be performed before the estate vests, here the void condition being precedent, the estate which depends thereon is also void, and the grantee shall take nothing by the grant: for he hath no estate until the condition be performed.

Estate held *in vadio*, ingage, or pledge, are of two kinds—*vivum vadium*, or living pledge; and *mortuum vadium*, dead pledge, or mortgage; are estates defeasible upon condition subsequent.

Vivum vadium, or living pledge, is when a man borrows a sum of money from another; and grants him an estate, to hold until the rents and profits shall repay the sum so borrowed. This is an estate conditioned to be void as soon as such sum is raised. And in this case the land, which is the pledge, is said to be living, it subsists, and survives the debt; and immediately on the discharge of that, results back to the borrower.

But *mortuum vadium*, a dead pledge, or mortgage, is where a man borrows of another a specific sum, say $200, and grants him an estate in fee, on condition that if he, the mortgagor, shall repay the mortgagee, the said sum on a certain day mentioned in the deed, that then the mortgagor may enter on the estate so granted in pledge: In case of non-payment, at the time limited, the land, so put in pledge, is by law, forever dead and gone from the mortgagor, and the mortgagee's estate in the lands, is then no longer conditional, but absolute. But here, the Courts of Equity come in and though a mortgage be thus forfeited, and the estate absolutely vested in the mortgagee at the common law, yet they will consider the real value of the tenements compared with the sum borrowed. And, if the estate be of greater value than the sum lent thereon, they will allow the mortgagor at any reasonable time to recall or redeem his estate: paying to the mortgagee, his principal, interest, and expenses: for otherwise, in strictness of law, an estate worth $1000, might be forfeited for non payment of $100. This reasonable advantage allowed to mortgagors, is called the equity of redemption: and this enables the mortgagor to call on the mortgagee, who has possession of his estate, to deliver it back and account for the rents and profits recieved, on payment of his whole debt and interest: thereby turning the *mortuum* into a kind of *vivum vadium*. But on the other hand, the mortgagee may either compel the sale of the estate, in order to get the whole of his money immediately: or else call upon the mortgagor to redeem his estate present by, or in default thereof to be forever foreclosed from redeeming the same; that is, to lose his equity of redemption without possibility of recall. Such is the common law—Our Legislature has enacted. If a mortgagor of personal property, or his legal representation fail for two years, to perform the conditions of a mortgage, after the time of performance specified, and shall omit to file a bill in equity claiming his equitable right to redeem, for two years after the forfeiture of the conditions of the mortgage shall be forever barred of all claim in equity thereto. But a mortgagee may file his bill to foreclose, at any time after the forfeiture of the conditions specified. If the mortgagor become a lunatic, or idiot or be beyond the limits of the State, he shall be allowed one year more, from the removal of such disability, to claim his right to redeem. The right of mortgagor and mortgagee shall be presumed, settled, after ten years. No room for statutes *merdranis*, *staple* and *elegit*, but no matter. G.

Progress of the Prince.

THE PRINCE IN PHILADELPHIA.

The Prince had a busy time in Philadelphia. He reached that city on Tuesday, from Baltimore, and at night visited a club house and played ten pins, and without being known promenaded some of the streets and witnessed the scenes of election night. On Wednesday morning he went to Girard College, where he planted another tree; to the Fairmount Water Works; thence to the Penitentiery, where he inquired for and visited the painted cell described by Dickens, and conversed for a moment with Judge Vondersmith, now a convict there for forging government pension warrants and concluded the morning tour with a visit to an Insane Asylum. In the afternoon, with his suite, he visited the Point Breeze Race Course and witnessed two races between second class horses, and was gazed at by the thousands who had assembled to satisfy their curiosity. In the evening he attended the opera at the Academy of Music, which was splendidly decorated for the occasion, and filled with all the beauty and fasion of Philadelphia that could possibly find space within its walls.—Thursday he left Philadelphia for New York.

RECEPTION IN NEW YORK.

The reception of the Prince of Wales at New York Thursday, is pronounced by the papers there to have exceeded the great "cable celebration." Between Trinity Church and the Battery over 200,000 persons were gathered. Gen. Scott met the Prince at Amboy, and returned with him on the Harriet Lane to New York. The "World" says:

As the Harriet Lane neared the Battery the view was animating in the extreme. The gaily decked-out shipping on both the North and East rivers; the saluting from the merchant shipping and from the forts: the crowds which thronged the pier heads and darkened the roofs of every house top, and the dazzling uniforms and bristling bayonets of the military, which occupied every foot of space upon the Battery, formed a scene the most impressive and beautiful. The galleries around Castle Garden were densely packed. The Prince remained upon the pilot house, and was not distinguished by the spectators until he left the position, and with his suite prepared to leave the steamer. He shook hands very cordially with Capt. Faunce on stepping ashore, and thanked him for his polite attentions. He entered Castle Garden, and advancing to the centre of the room, was introduced to Mayor Wood, who welcomed him as follis:

THE MAYOR'S WELCOM.

"Your Royal Highness: As chief magistrate of the city, I welcome you here, and believe that I represent the entire population, without exception."

To which the Prince responded as follows:

"It affords me great pleasure to accept your hospitalities, which I have no doubt will be worthy of the great city of New York."

THE GRAND OVATION.

The procession moved off after the Prince had taken his seat with Mayor Wood in a barouche drawn by six black horses, passing through a line of nearly 4,000 soldiers. The account of the military review, during which the Prince was arrayed as a Colonel of the British Army, is thus described:

The Mayor and his guests alighted in front of the City Hall, where a platform had been constructed and carpeted from which the Royal party was to see the troops march by. In the centre of the platform stood the Prince; on his right were, first the Mayor, then the Duke of Newcastle, next him Gen. Bruce; on his left were Lord Lyons and the Earl of St. Germans. Behind them stood the rest of the Royal party Gen. Sandford, after giving the order for the troops to march, stationed himself on horseback near the right of the platform The Prince received the honor of a marching salute, and to every officer, as each passed, he touched his hat.

The Seventy-first Regiment marched first in the procession. The Twelfth Regiment followed, marching well and much applauded.—The other regiments came in their regular places in their brigades severally. The drum-majors of some of the bands took especial pains to perform their liveliest antics just as they came under the eye of the distinguished visitors. The Prince smiled repeatedly at their exhibitions

The Mayor, as the various regiments passed told the Prince of their characteristics. Those were all Germains; those were all French; this an American Regiment; this a "crack" corps; that a fragment of a command. When the Scotch Regiment passed, "Ah!" said Gen. Bruce, "these are my countrymen." The Duke of Newcastle said the reception was more than gratifying—it was magnificent.—The authorities deserved great credit, but the people more. He saw that we had an admirable police in New York; but in cities of the West, in which they had no police, the people behaved exceedingly well. They had been treated with kindness ever since they crossed the border. The Duke then alluded to a report which had appeared in some of the daily papers to the effect that the Prince had been insulted in Richmond. He denied that such an incident had occured, and regretted that it had appeared in the public prints as it would give a wrong impression in England.

It was beginning to grow dark before all the troops had passed the City Hall, and the last regiment was ordered to halt. The line was a mile and a quarter long. The carriages of the suite again formed and passed along the entire line, and the party alighted at the Fifth Avenue Hotel

A MORTIFYING OCCURRENCE.

On Friday the Prince visited the University of New York As he left the University a most mortifying occurrence took place, which is thus described:

The carriages were just starting, when a man stepped out from the rest of the crowd and near the carriage in which the Prince of Wales was riding. He instantly put himself in a pugilistic attitude, and, as the carriage of his Royal Highness was passing, made a heavy blow of his fist at him, at the same time applying a most approbrious epithet to the youthful Prince. He then added: "You will never be King of England if you were to live for one hundred years. The time for Kings is gone." The Prince escaped the blow directed against him, however, and before his adversary had finished his ejaculations the carriage had driven him out of hearing distance. Of course this circumstance aroused great interest, curiosity and excitement, and now that the Prince was gone the offending assailant of his Royal Highness was the centre of attention. The mob pressed around the man, and before he could do anything towards effecting his escape a policeman had him in charge, and removed him to the station-house, whither he was escorted by a huge mob, yelling and shouting, hooting and hissing in the most boisterous manner. Here he stated that he was a sailor, belonging to the river boat Santa Claus, now lying at Greenpoint, Williamsburg; that he came over to see the fellow all the sensible democrats of New York were rushing to see, and that he was determined to show him what he thought of aristocrats. He gave his name as Edward Moreas, and stated that he was a native of England. He was next taken before Justice Connolly, who, after hearing the case, discharged the offender with a reprimand.

SEES OTHER SIGHTS.

After the visit to the University, he repaired to the Astor Library, and thence to the Cooper Institute. At the Central Park, at the request of the Commissioners, he planted two trees, and then went to Mayor Wood's residence, where a collation was served up. Among the guests present were ex-President Fillmore, Archbishop Hughes, Bishop Potter, John Jacob Astor, George Law, James Gordon Bennett, and Madame LeVert. At night he attended the ball, which was gotten up at a cost of $10,000. The New York Express says:

THE GRAND BALL.

At a little past ten, the house presented a superb spectacle; magnificently lighted, decorated with flowers in so profuse a style, and crowded in every corner with well-dressed people, it constituted a pageant decidedly finer than any which even the Academy has witnessed. The spectators gathered as near as possible towards the end of the room where the Baron was to enter, and where the Committee members succeeded in preserving a small space around the dais erected for him. A premonitory rustle announced to those further on that the event of the evening was at hand, and the guests of the citizens of New York entered from a side door; he walked between the Hon. Hamilton Fisk and Lord Lyons, and was followed by the Duke of Newcastle, the Earl of the Germains, General Bruce, and other members of his suite, with a number of Committee men. Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Astor, Mr. Chas. O. Davis, Mr. Leary and Mr. Bradish were prominent among the Americans. The party passed to the dais, which was but a step or two from the side door by which they entered, and the Baron stood on the first step of it, while the other gentlemen gathered around. Gov Fish was still on his left and Lord Lyons on his right. The band played "God Save the Queen," and subsequently "Hail Columbia," and after two or three moments, during which Lord Renfrew was the cynosure of several thousand eyes, but bore the inspection with grace and dignity, the company began to pass by him to pay their respects.—Many bowed very profoundly, and some of the ladies who had been at Courts performed a stately obeisance; others were less ceremonious, but the Baron acknowledged each courtesy civilly. This had not continued more than ten minutes when

A CRASH WAS HEARD,

and an alarm pervaded the entire assemblage. Two or three little shrieks were uttered, but extreme good breeding and indifference were manifested by the men. The flooring somewhere near the place where the orchestra is usually placed proved too weak to support the throng, and fell through. Fortunately, it was only two feet higher than the ordinary stage, so that had any of the company fallen, they could not have been seriously injured. But the premonitory trembling had given a warning, and no one fell. It was speedily, indeed, afterwards ascertained that no danger existed, and alarm of course subsided. Still it was singular to notice how both English and American gentlemen gathered around the young lad at the first thought of danger; the English were anxious for their future master, the Americans for their guest. He maintained as thorough a composure as any, however and though his cheek turned pale, was ready to acknowledge the civilities which were almost immediately resumed.

The space broken in upon was about thirty feet square; and within a few minutes an additional portion gave way, somewhat smaller, and this also without occasioning any absolute injury. A rope was speedily stretched around the opening, and

CARPENTERS BROUGHT IN,

with their tools. The sight was a strange one; the great edifice and brilliant crowd, with the glancing lights, the floral decorations and the suberb costumes, constitutes but a framework around a dark and ugly chism; beams and transverse pieces were conspicuous and laborers in ordinary garb, with hammers and saws; two or three gentlemen stood near and issued orders. Of course no dancing could take place until the accident and its results were obviated; so the supper rooms were thrown open an hour or two earlier than had been intended: the Baron was conducted by a private entrance to the table prepared for him and of course a concourse followed by the more public way. This relieved the pressure of the throng, and allowed the workmen space for their manœuvers. The music kept up the liveliest measures; but the delay in opening the ball was one of nearly two hours, during which the spirits of the throng had time to change from elasticity to something very like disappointment.

THE SUPPER ROOM

was reached by a new passage-way built outside of the Academy, in Fourteenth street.—It is more than a hundred feet long, about twenty-five feet wide and forty-eight high, and was carpeted and hung with white and pink muslins, tastefully disposed. A thick red cord divided its entire length so that the crowd passing to the supper room might be entirely distinct from that returning to the ball.—Light muslins in alternate strips of pale pink and white concealed the walls and ceiling: 18 or 20 chandeliers lighted the hall, and were reflected in as many mirrors that of course repeated the gay throng and made the scene more splendidly confused. The tables were arranged lengthwise on either side of this oblong hall, and loaded with every delicacy and dainty served in a style worthy of a private entertainment. Across the room, at the point farthest from the entrance, and opposite Fourteenth street, on a dais slightly elevated, was laid the Baron's table; it was semi circular, and provided with chairs for about fifteen persons. No others sat. After the guest had completed his repast, he was taken by a private passage-way back to the ball room, so that the necessity of crowding through the thronged supper room was avoided.

Among the decorations of the supper table were sugar statues of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, and models of the Great Eastern, the Niagara Supension Bridge with a train of cars crossing and many others.

THE BALL FORMALLY BEGINS.

The prince opened the ball formally with Mrs. Governor Morgan. He danced the second dance with Miss Mason, and the third with Mrs. Hoyt, the youngest daughter of General Scott. The crowd around during the last dance was so great that the party could hardly stir. The ball did not close till long after midnight. From New York the Prince goes on Monday to Boston, and thence to Portland, from thence, about the date of this paper, he will embark for England.

VIGILANCE COMMITTEE IN EDGECOMB COUNTY.

The Tarboro' *Mercurey* of the 9th inst publishes the proceedings of a meeting held by the citizens of Edgecomb county in the Court House at Tarboro', in which meeting was organized a vigilance committee consisting of seven responsible men from each Captain's District in the county, and of twenty from the town of Tarboro.

Times' Correspondence.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Now and then Papers,

BY PAUL RIVINWOOD.

A beautiful morning, thought I,as I stepped out into the fresh healthy air and viewed the imposing scenery which lay in the distance before me. The birds warbled sweetly, and there was a stillness and mellowness to everything about me, which harmonized with my feelings. It was a Sabbath morning, and Nature was worshiping the Creator. As the day lengthened, the village bells rang out their sweet peals from tower and steeple, the inhabitants in their "Sunday dress" walked quietly to that ancient edifice, known as the village "Meeting House." The lads and lasses peeped coyly peeps" as they passed each other, and many a village lad looked scrupulously neat in the plain attire which he so cleverly filled out. I enjoy a quiet Sunday in the country, I always appreciate every thing I see. It is all so natural. Fashion has no favor there, and only now and then peeps in through the kindness of a city cousin, who has just happened out for an "airing." The lasses were a sweet looking class of well to do beings. Some were as fresh and pure as the air we breathe, others wearing the glow of roguery in their pretty faces, and some were honored with the compliment of "country flirt," who by their teazing the poor victims of the male genier, were sought after only by a few.

The interior of the meeting house was odd, far from pleasing to the eye. The tall, high backed pews, narrow, and just seating five, kept me in a state of pain and anxiety during the "Meeting." In fact, I sat for two hours as straight as an arrow, and was never I bent my head to look at some sweet face,or perhaps to just peep at the village flirt, or some other notable person—pardon me, sir, but the recollection of it brings vividly to my mind,the identical "Oh!" which came silently but quickly to my lips, on account of the *cramp-like* position I was obliged to assume during the "Meeting." Not that the Sermon was an unwholesome one, far from it—but it was like a Thanks-giving dinner, entirely too much of it. Noon came with all her stillness, the boom of the bee and hum of the insect,was musical indeed. I passed from the "Meeting House" and turned my steps to a grave-yard, which joined this antique retreat of religious worship. And there I wandered amid the dwellings of the dead.—Reader, this sacred spot creates a sense of sorrow in the meditative mind; as one treads those inensely quiet aisles,where rest the dead, how many recollections come rushing in upon the mind's mirror, each bearing a history of some object of affection. Here the white monuments told me of the generation that had been. Those who had led a Christian life.—Those who had stepped off in the tide of prosperity and ambition. The silent stones spoke feelingly of those who had gone in the youthful bloom. Yes, here were mingled all grades of humanity,the rich and the poor, the miser and the spendthrift, all lay in the same narrow house, each occupying six feet of ground. Ah, how true it is "*We all do fade as the leaf!*" As I continued my wanderings, I came across a freshly opened grave, waiting in all its silent gloom, to receive the new comer, who was to sleep the "sleep of ages" there. I paused and look'd down into this newly made house, and I gazed far into it, I thought of many a jewel whose pure body had once gushed with young life and hope, who now rested afar off, in just such a quiet spot, who had departed in their bloom and beauty, to be added to that angel throng, who are forever chorusing the glad tidings of humanity to the Creator. Oh, the grave! the grave! Here we may learn lessons of truth and wisdom and take to our hearts realities, which shall brighten (if we properly use them) through all eternity. I waited for the funeral cortege. I knew not the fresh victim of death—but it is a solemn scene, and even we, who are strangers to the dead, feel that interest which fills every heart. There is that in humanity—how ever far apart they may have lived, when we stand by the grave of the newly dead, and see that body, once animated with life, now cold and helpless,lowered into the dark vault of the tomb, I said there is a common sympathy which creates in every soul a sense of sorrow. Soon I heard the deep measured tones of the funeral bell, what a solemn sound it gave out. How it chilled the life blood, and caused every nerve to tremble. Toll! toll! toll! There is a terrible meaning to it. How it warns the young and thoughtless, and bids the aged to prepare for their journey across the river of Gloom to the Father Land from whence no traveler returneth to bring tidings of the life there. Soon the funeral train reached the gate, in solemn order the long procession moved slowly to the grave. The dead was bourne by stout healthy men, as they neared me I felt the power of this drama. Slowly they came Ah! is there not an awful something in that measured tread? How it knells on the human heart, and floods the soul with scenes varied and strange.

They have reached the grave and friends gather around it—the coffin is lowered within its silent home, and then cams the long hush before the prayer. Soon is heard, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, and dust to dust!" A few brief sentences and the ceremony is over. The grave digger, careless of the scene,hurries the earth with rapid spade's full upon the polished coffin, which is soon hidden from mortal eye. Again the sad company hasten'd to the "Meeting house." I loitered for a season—plucking a few blades of grass and weaving them in the button hole of my coat, I walked from these dwellings of the dead back unto the living, and seating my self under a quiet shade tree, I contemplated on the chance of life, and the vanity of mankind.

RELIGIOUS WORLD.

PRAYER FOR MISSIONS.

Dr. Duff, in a recent letter from Calcutta to the Convener of the Free Church Foreign Missions Committee, eloquently appeals for prayer for missions at the present time of unexampled promise and need.

"My own firm persuasion is, that whether we, the weary, toiling pioneers, ploughers, and sowers, shall be privileged to reap or not, the reaping of a great harvest will yet be realized. Perhaps when the bones of those who are now sowing in tears shall be rotting in the dust, something like justice may be done to their principles and motives, their faith and perseverance by those who shall then be reaping with joy, and gathering in the great world's harvest of redeemed souls. In the face of myriads daily perishing, and in the face of myriads instantaneously saved, under the mighty outpouring of the Spirit of grace, I feel no disposition to enter into argument, discussion or controversy with any one. Still my impulses and tendencies are to labor on amid sunshine and storm, to leave all to God, pray without ceasing that the Spirit may be poured out on Scotland, England, India and all lands, in the full assurance that such outpouring would soon settle all controversies, put an end to all theorizings about modes and methods, and other immaterial details, and give us all so much to do with a'armed, convicted, and converted souls as to leave no head, no heart no spirit, no life, for anything else. Yes, I do devoutly declare that a great, wide-spread, universal revival would be the instantaneous and all satisfying solution of all our difficulties at home and abroad! O, then, for such a revival! How long, Lord, how long?—When wilt Thou rend thy heavens and come down! When will the stream descend? These, and such like, are our daily aspirations. We are like the hart, thirsting panting, praying for the water brooks. We feel intensely that it is not argument, or discussion, or controversy, that will ever win or convert a single soul to God; that it is the Spirit's grace which alone can effectuate this; and it is in answer to believing, persevering, importunate prayer, that the Spirit usually descends with his awakening, convicting, and converting influences.—Our weapon, therefore, is more than ever the Word of God, and the arm that wields, prayer.

"Surrounded as we are by the bristling fence and the towering bulwarks of a three thousand years old heathenism, we crave the sympathies and the prayers of our brethren in more highly favored lands. Painfully familiar as we are with the 'hope deferred' which 'maketh the heart sick,' we often feel faint, very faint; yet through God's grace, however faint, we have ever found ourselves still 'pursuing,' still holding on, with our face resolutely towards the enemy, whether confronting us in open battle, or merely evading the sharp edge of the sword of the Spirit, by timely flight.—Our motto has ever been 'Onward! onward!' no matter what might be the Red Sea of difficulties ahead of us. But O, as men—men of like feeling and infirmities as others—it would tend to cheer and hearten us did we find ourselves encompassed with sympathies and the prayers of brethren at a distance. Not that God has ever left us without some witness or manifestation of his favor; we have had our share of spiritual success, a goodly number of souls, from first to last, have been converted to God. For this we feel deeply grateful.—But we long for thousands, yea for tens of thousands, and millions. Will the church at home, if wearied of giving moneys, assist us by a united, mighty host and host of prayers?"

THE UNSETTLED STATE OF THE WORLD.

The present state of the world, says the Christian Index, is remarkable, and calls for the serious consideration of the church. The Crimean war, short but terrific, originated in the jealousy on the part of England and France of Russian aggrandizement on the Bosphorus. The alliance of those two States, for centuries hostile, one Protestant and the other Catholic, was a strange event. The Czar war arrested in his march to Constantinople—the Porte was subjected, without being strengthened, to European policy; and England and France returned from the conquest of Sebastopol, allies in form, but in fact—rivals. Neither then nor now, do we find confidence reigning between Louis Napoleon, and the Court of St. James. He declared then, and he declares now, that "the Empire is peace," but notwithstanding, adds daily to the already gigantic military and naval strength of France, whilst England repairs her fortifications, enlarges her navy, and enrolls her militia, to meet the exigencies of the future, whether of offence or aggression. The next act in the world's drama, is the bloody revolt in India, silencing the voice of missions, and shaking the very foundations of British domination in the East. Then comes the Austria Sardinian French war,in the North of Italy, breaking upon the world with the suddenness and destructiveness of a Calabrian earthquake. The sanguinary fields of Montebello, Magenta and Solferino, are lost and won. Austria is defeated, but not vanquished A peace is tendered, and the treaty of Villafranca annexes to Sardinia, Piedmont, and other small States of Italy. In a few weeks the Austrian supremacy in the Italian States is thrown off, the Pope is humbled, and the banner of civil liberty is unfurled where the flag of despotism had long waved unchallenged. Three things are to be noted as remarkable developments of this conflict First Louis Napoleon, the head of the greatest Catholic State of the world, whilst protecting Rome with his legions,denies the temporal authority of the Pope, and very cavalierly announces to him, that he is the spiritual head of the church, and no more.—Second, the ex-communication of the Pope, for centuries more powerful than crowns, armies or constitutions,is disregarded—even contemned, in Italy; and third, the Bible, under the toleration of that noble gentleman as well as King,Victor Emanuel, circulates without let or hindrance, from the foot of the Alps,almost to the gates of the Holy City.

Again, the heroic Garibaldi, in the utter disregard of treaties, Emperors, Kings and Councils, descends upon Sicily, is dictator at Palermo: and is at this moment hailed as Liberator of Naples. He advances from conquest to conquest, the people rising almost as one man, to receive him. Avowing his purpose to march upon Venice, Austria arms to defend her territory, and once more measure strength with France and Sardinia. Almost contemporaneously with these events occurred the horrible butchery of the pseudo christians, in Syria, and the intervention of France and England. Revolution within threatens to subvert the Empire of China, whilst the outside barbarians, to wit, England and France, hover upon her coast with powerful armaments demanding redress for the past, and indemnity for the future, whilst Japan sends to Washington an Embassy of peace, commerce and good will.

Such is a mere sketch of the prominent facts of recent history. In the meantime the church of God is aroused—her leaders are numerous, able and fearless, and her glorious banner is hung upon the outer wall. Revivals are spreading over Sweden, Denmark, England, Scotland, Ireland, and our own Union. The old Pagan Empires of China and Japan, are slowly and reluctantly, opening their ports to European and American commerce, and with commerce goes the Bible and its civilization. The Turkish Empire, the bulwark of Mahommedan delusion, totters to its fall. The Crescent, belying its name, wanes,and must ere long disappear from the moral Heavens. The Catholic church has lost much of its influence over the minds and consciences of men, and the Pope has at length lost his power to curse. Civil liberty has and is gaining upon her ancient enemies the Priest and the Sword. The future teems with events involving the interests of christianity, and the honor of God.

What do all of these things portend? We hope and believe that they are appointed agencies for the reformation of the world, and the ushering in of the reign of Christ, over all the earth. We know not what are his purposes, but we do know that God is Sovereign, and that he ordereth all things well. What, in view of the state of the world, is the duty of the church? It is clearly this—leave events in the hand of God—pray against all sin and for all good. "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done," is the prayer for the times. And the work of the church is active co operation with all that seems, to enlightened faith, to be the will of God.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

HON. WM. L. YANCEY IN NEW YORK.

Hon Wm L. Yancey of Alabama, spoke at the Cooper Institute, New York, on Wednesday night last, to an overflowing audience. The anxiety among the people seemed to be quite as great to see the speaker as to hear him, and after the conclusion of the address it was with difficulty he could force his way out of the hall. He concluded his speech with answering some questions which had been put to him, as follows:

He had been asked to answer several questions, and he thought he might as well do it at this time. The first was, whether he would consider the election of Lincoln sufficient cause for the secession of the South; and the second, whether he, in case Lincoln was elected, and the South attempted to secede, would support the government in suppressing the attempt and aid to maintain the integrity of the Union?—The first question was a mere speculation, and a political speculation at that. He was now engaged in endeavoring to avert the very thing here spoken of—the awful catastrophe of the election of Lincoln. He was showing his allegiance to the Constitution by abandoning his own private business, and going to all parts of the country to endeavor to prevent that election. and if others would labor as faithfully as he had for this end, Lincoln would never be President. [Applause.] What was propounded in the question was a matter to come after the decision of the ballot box. [Cries of "Question!"] Don't be impatient, gentlemen, and above all keep your tempers. This is not the time to fight now, certain. [Laughter.] It was the time to vote. [Another interruption, and cries of "Put him out!"] You're impatient, my friends, said Mr. Yancey. If gentlemen, he continued, were so anxious to know his opinions, they should abide by them when he gave them. [Applause.]

This question was a mere speculation. It was asking whether something would occur if another should happen. He hoped it never would happen. He was no candidate for the Presidency, and his views had nothing to do with the contest. In the first place, there was no such thing as the South seceding. There was such a thing as a State seceding. He could see how the State could secede, and he had no answer to give with regard to the seceding of the South. He was a State's-Rights man. The Constitution told them that all the rights not delegated to the General Government were reserved to the States. He believed in the right of secession. The original compact was made between the States willingly assenting to it,and either, by her own will, might withdraw. But this was mere speculation, predicated upon a contingency. Alabama had passed a law requiring its Government to consider this question if a Black Republican was elected. His State in that event was to decide the question, not he. If she went out of the Union he went with her. [Applause.] If she remained in he'd remain in. ["Good."] It was a grave matter, and he hoped that some man opposed to the irrepressible conflict would be elected President. But when the time come to decide it,he would consult with the men in Alabama and act with them, and they of New York had nothing to do with it. In this Presidential question, on the contrary, he had something in common with them. For him here to commit himself on this question, with the future undeveloped, merely to gratify some political antagonist, would be folly. The answer to the question, he would give to his State when she asked it. ["Three cheers for the answer" were proposed and given.]

To the second question he replied that he would aid in maintaining the integrity of the Union with his life's blood. He was laboring now for it. But if it was meant to ask whether he would aid in the preservation of an Administration that was trampling on the rights of the South, he replied that he would aid any State in risisting it with his blood. Revolution was justifiable before the last expiring throes of oppressed nationalities.

PROCESSION OF MINUTE MEN.

On last evening, the organization of the Minute Men of Richland marched in torch-light procession through the principal streets of the city. There were about three hundred in ranks, making a very imposing and brilliant display. They each wore a red scarf, with the letters M. M. imprinted on it. The organization is rapidly extending through the State and the South. It is designed as an organization for the preservation of the interests and institutions of the South and the formation of a Southern Confederacy. The recent elections will doubtless stimulate its growth, and we would not be surprised if, in a month, with proper drill and discipline it furnishes an army strong enough to maintain any independent move that may be made by the Southern States —*South Carolinian.*

IMPORTANT FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 11.—Wm. H. Seward has declared that Lincoln will, if elected to the Presidential chair, immediately issue an address to the people of the United States, setting forth his views of policy, more especially in relation to the South. In this way Lincoln hopes to quiet the fears of the South, and to prevent the secession of a single State.

The greatest excitement prevails here, owing to the Black Republican triumph in Pennsylvania. The Lincoln men of this city are to have a grand demonstration in honor of their victory in Pennsylvania, which they consider decisive. Should the turn-out be guilty of any breach of decorum, serious difficulties are anticipated.

WELL PUT TOGETHER.

At a Printer's Festival in Boston, a short time since, the following capital toast was drank:

The Editor—The man that is expected to know everything, tell all he knows, and guess at the rest; to make known his own good character, establish the reputation of his neighbors and elect all candidates to office; to blow up everybody, suit everybody, and reform the world; to live for the benefit of others, and have the epitaph on his tombstone, 'Here he *lies* at last;' in short he is a locomotive runner on the track of public notoriety, his lever is his pen, his boiler is filled with ink, his tender is his scissors, his driving wheel is his public opinion; whenever he explodes it is caused by the non payment of subscriptions.

FRUITS OF DRINKING.

The up-train on the Florida railroad, says the Fernandina East Floridian, ran over two men, Cuthron and McLane, on the night of the 28th August, between Archer and Bronson killing the former and severely injuring the latter. We learn that they were both intoxicated and asleep upon the track.

NEW COUNTY.

Application will be made at the next session of the General Assembly of the State of North Carolina, for the purpose of granting a new county, to be made from portions of the counties of Wake, Nash, Johnston, Wilson, and Franklin.—Standard.

YADKIN RIVER NAVIGATION COMPANY.

The stockholders in this company met at Clemmonsville, Davidson Co., on the—inst. W. Johnson, Esq of Davie, and Zadee Griffith, Esq of Davidson were elected directors on the part of individual stockholders. On Wednesday last a regular meeting of the board of Directors was held at Mocksville, when G. W. Johnson, Esq., was chosen President and ex-officio Secretary and Treasurer. We understand it to be the object to wind up the affairs of this company as speedily as possible, with a view to surrendering the charter to the next Legislature. —Salisbury Banner.

MAIL ROBBERY.

A young man by the name of S. W. Lawrence was arrested on Monday of last week and committed to jail in Raleigh for trial charged with stealing money from the Mail at or near Worsaw on the Wilmington and Weldon railroad.

A NEW PASS IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

Captain Reynolds, of the Tenth Infantry, United States Army, from an exploring tour of the Wind river country reports, having discovered a pass 2,500 feet lower than any heretofore discovered on the line of the Rocky Mountains. It is about the 46th parallel of latitude.

OUTBREAK AT PANAMA.

The steamer Northern Light, arrived at New York the 8th, reports:

A serious negro outbreak had taken place at Panama. The city was invested on the 27th by an armed force, but they were repulsed with the loss of 5 or 6 killed and 15 taken prisoners. The Americans and British war ships in the harbor landed forces. The latest accounts say the marines of the U. S. sloop St. Marys held possession of the town and railroad depot.

The trains crossed the Isthmus regularly.

U. S. Consul Fox is a passenger on the Northern Light, and is bearer of dispatches to the Secretary of the Navy from the commander of the St. Marys.

By a late arrival all was quiet on the Isthmus.

THE K. G. C'S.

A late number of the Memphis Avalanche, says about two thousand of the members of the order of K. G. C.'s, are at present quartered on the Rio Grande, prepared at any moment to join the liberal forces in Mexico, at Monterey, from whence they will proceed to the city of Mexico. This body is under the command of General- Bickley and Greer, two of the "tycoons" of the order. The movement is general and wide-spread. The members of the order in this city, to the number of several hundred, are making preparations to join their brethren on the borders of the "sick man" of this continent. Col R. C. Tyler, of the Maryland regiment; Col. W. D. Robbins, of the Mississippi regiment; Capt. A. F. Mallett, of Nashville, and a number of other officers of the order, are at present in the city, consulting upon measures connected with the proceedings. The probabilities are that Memphis will be made the head quarters of the order in the states.—We shall be able to furnish the latest intelligence in regard to the movements of the order and shall keep our readers posted.

COTTON PLANTERS' CONVENTION.

The first annual Fair of the Cotton Planters' Convention of the State of Georgia, will be held in the city of Macon, commencing on Monday, 3d of December, and continuing three weeks.

CONCLUSIONS OF A NORTHERNER.

A correspondent of the New York Herald, travelling in Georgia, transmits the following:

Returning from a brief but searching visit to the interior plantations, your correspondent has arrived at these conclusions:

1. That the Northern people labor under the grossest ignorance in regard to the relations of master and slave on the plantations.

2. That intense excitement exists in all the isolated districts in regard to the movements of the Abolitionists at the North.

3. That the agricultural population is rife for revolution and separation.

4. That if Lincoln is elected, men can be found ready to go to Washington, and, by force, prevent his inauguration. And,

5. That there already exists an armed league, pledged to this and other purposes, hostile to Lincoln's government.

ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURES.

The Bucket and Wooden Ware Factory of Messrs. Makepeace & McRae, in the vicinity of Fayetteville, is doing a large business, and the work done is both cheap and substantial. The Proprietors offer to wholesale dealers the best articles in their line, and they should be liberally patronized by the people of North Carolina. It is no longer necessary for our Merchants to import thousands of buckets from Northern factories, when the market is supplied with a better article at home —*Fayetteville Presbyterian.*

NO FAIR IN PETERSBURG.

The Union Agricultural Society have determined not to hold their usual Fair in Petersburg, Va., this year. The resolution making that determination says it is on account of "the present excited condition of the country in regard to the approaching Presidential election, the shortness of the crops, and the scarcity of money."

THE MARYLAND FREE NEGRO LAW.

The onarous law of the last session of the Legislature, applicable to free negroes in Baltimore county, Queen Anne's and other counties, is to be voted on at the Presidential election, each voter depositing a ballot for or against the law. It authorizes the binding out of free negroes from the age of five years and upwards until they are thirty years of age, and in case they run away or secrete themselves direct, that they shall be sold as slaves for life.

STARTLING DEVELOPMENT.

We are informed that two men named Hitchings, father and son, were apprehended at Clin, Marlboro' District, on Thursday, and were taken to Bennettesville. Their trunks were searched, and disclosed the nefarious purpose of tampering with slaves, and of putting arms in their hands. It is thought they were executed yesterday morning at Bennettsville.

A box filled with pistols, directed to them, has been seized at Florence. Their correspondence showed further that 1,200 arms were to be delivered to them at Wilmington, N. C. —*Southern Guardian.*

THE TIMES.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

Saturday.....Oct. 20, 1860

J. C. CLE, } Editors and Proprietors.
J. W. ALBRIGHT, }

Contributors.—We present only a few names from the large number who contribute to THE TIMES:

E. W. CAROTHERS, D.D.,
WM. R. HUNTER,
J. STARR HOLLOWAY,
Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY,
Mrs. MARY A. DENISON
S. J. C. WHITTLESEY
MARY W. JANVRIN,
WILLIE E. PABOR,
INA CLAYTON,
C. G. DUNN,
ANNA M. HAYES
GRACE MILWOOD,
Mrs. L. M. HUTCHINSON,
ED. ST. GEO. COOKE,
Mrs. C. HUTCHINS,
GRIFFITH J. McREE,
and others.

GEO. W. COTHRAN,
R. G. STAPLES,
STEPHEN F. MILLER,
Prof. E. F. ROCKWELL,
MATILDA C. SMILEY,
FINLEY JOHNSON,
LOTTIE LINWOOD,
CLARA AUGUSTA,
A. PERRY SPERRY,
Mrs. DI VERNON,
PAUL RIVINWOOD,
Mdm. O. W. LEVERT
Mrs. E. C. LOOMIS,
JULIA SOUTHALL,
Mrs. M. A. BRYAN,
J. C. FITZ GERALD
and others.

Conversational Powers.

We have, in Chambers Journal, an interesting chapter on the conversational powers of great men in literature. The late William Hazlitt, a man gifted with great powers of observation and expression, was of opinion that actors and authors were not fitted, generally speaking, to shine in conversation. "Authors ought to be read and not heard;" and as to actors they could not speak tragedies in the drawing room, and their wit was likely to be comedy and farce at a second-hand. The biography of men of letters, in a great measure confirms this opinion. Some of the greatest names in English and French literature, men who have filled books with an eloquence and truth that defy oblivion, were mere mutes before their fellow-men. They had golden ingots, which, in the privacy of home, they could convert into coin bearing an impress that would insure universal currency; but they could not, on the spur of the moment, produce the farthings current in the market place. Descartes, the famous mathematician and philosopher; Lafontaine, celebrated for his witty fables; and Buffon, the great naturalist, were all singularly deficient in the powers of conversation. Marmontel, the novelist, was so dull in society that his friend said of him, after an interview, "I must go and read his tales to recompense myself for the weariness of hearing him.

As to Corneille, the greatest dramatist of France, he was completely lost in society—so absent and embarrassed that he wrote of himself a witty couplet, importing that he was never intelligible but through the mouth of another. Wit on paper seems to be something widely different from that play of words, in conversation, which, while it sparkles, dies; for Charles II., the wittiest monarch that ever sat on the English throne, was so charmed with the humor of "Hudibras" that he caused himself to be introduced in the character of a private gentleman to Butler, its author. The witty king found the author a very dull companion; and was of opinion, with many others, that so stupid a fellow could never have written so clever a book. Addison, whose classic elegance of style has long been considered the best model for young writers, was shy and absent in society, preserving, even before a single stranger, stiff and dignified silence. He was accustomed to say there could be no ready conversation but between two persons, friends; and that it was then thinking aloud. Steel, Swift, Pope, and Congreve—men possessing literary and conversational powers of the highest order—allowed him to have been a delightful companion among intimates; and Young writes of him that "he was rather mute in society on some occasions, but when he began to be company he was full of vivacity, and went on in a noble strain of thought and language, so as to chain the attention of every one to him." Goldsmith, on the contrary, as described by his contemporary writers, appeared in company to have no spark of that genius which shone forth so brightly in his works. His address was awkward, his manner uncouth, his language unpolished; he hesitated in speaking, and was always unhappy if the conversation did not turn upon himself. Dr. Johnson spoke of him as an inspired idiot; yet the great essayist, though delivering oracles to those around him in pompous phrases, which have been happily described as spoken in the Johnsonese tongue, was not entitled to be called a good conversor.

Nearer to our own time, we have had many authors whose faculty told twice. Sheridan and Theodore Hook were fellows of infinite jest; they could "set a table in a roar," and fill pages with pathos and wit of such a quality that it makes their survivors think "we could have spared better men." Burns was famous for his colloquial powers; and Galt is said to have been as skilful as the story tellers of the East in fixing the attention of his auditors on his prolonged narrations. Coleridge was in the habit of pouring forth brilliant unbroken monologues of two or three hours' duration to listeners so enchanted that, like Adam, whose ears were filled with the eloquence of an archangel, they forgot "all place—all seasons, and their change;" but this was not conversation, and few might venture to emulate that "old man eloquent" with hopes of equal success. Washington Irving, in the account he has given of his visit to Abbotsford, says of Sir Walter Scott that his conversation was frank, hearty, picturesque, and dramatic. He never talked for effect or display, but from the flow of his spirits, the stores of his memory, and the vigor of his imagination. He was as good a listener as a talker; appreciated everything that others said, however humble might be their rank and pretensions, and was quick to testify his perception of any point in their discourse. No one's concerns, no one's thoughts and opinions, no one's tastes and pleasures seemed beneath him—He made himself so thoroughly the companion of those with whom he happened to be, that they forgot, for a time his vast superiority, and only recollected and wondered, when all was over, that it was Scott with whom they had been on such familiar terms, in whose society they had felt so perfectly at ease.

Garibaldi in America.

We see it stated that Garibaldi, the great Italian liberator, was once thrown into this country. One authority states that he was a candlemaker on Staten Island, New York; another gives the following statement:

On the 8th or 9th of September, 1853, the Peruvian bark Carmen arrived at Boston with a cargo taken on board at Isloy, Peru. Her commander was no less a person than G. Garibaldi, then a simple captain of a trading vessel, now as the hero of Italy, and the subverter of thrones, occupying the attention of the entire civilized world. The signature at the bottom of the manifest at the Custom House is in an elegant hand showing that in this particular his education in youth had not been neglected. The Carmen was consigned to C. L. Bartlett, and the position of captain of the vessel was undoubtedly accepted by Garibaldi as a temporary occupation. It was the remark of the mate of the Carmen, in speaking of his commander, that he put his lightning or electricity into every one who was connected with him, and even his sailors would have jumped overboard to obey him. On shore in Boston he usually wore a plain citizen's dress with a Kossuth hat, but on shipboard his favorite costume was a sort of fez cap and sailor jacket. Garibaldi, as much as possible, avoided public observation, and only on rare occasions was present at any large assemblage of people. He walked the streets in a contemplative mood, and he then had a very large correspondence with his patriot friends in Italy and those who had been expatriated for political cause and were then residents of this country. He remained but a few weeks, when he left for New York, where he put the vessel in charge of the mate and embarked for Italy, where he has since remained.

There is Hope.

It is exceedingly difficult to count the votes of a closely contested campaign with any degree of certainty before the day of election—Two weeks ago we almost despaired of Lincoln's defeat, but the present indications are favorable to such a success. Since the parties of New York have all united with such apparent earnestness and devotion to the good of the Union, much hope has revived for this state; and furthermore, the recent grand "Wide Awake" demonstration came so far short of what Lincoln's friends anticipated, we may also set this down as a ground of hope.

New York secured against Lincoln, there is no possible chance to elect him. Besides, there is a faint hope that Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Indiana and Illinois will all, or some of them, go against the Black Republican candidate.

Rev. Daniel Worth.

At the late Randolph Superior Court, Judge Saunders presiding, Rev. Daniel Worth was called and not answering, was called out and judgment entered against his sureties, who will have to pay the bonds without reduction. Next week is Guilford Superior Court, and we presume the same process will be gone through with, as we are not at all expecting the gentleman to show himself. His surety is a clever gentleman, a son-in-law of Mr. Worth, and we hope the absconding criminal may succeed in begging enough money from his Northern friends and sympathizers to reimburse him in his losses.

NEW COUNTERFEIT.

A new counterfeit on the Bank of Charlotte N. C., is thus described:—5s, altered—vig. a locomotive and cars, bridge and hills in the back ground fig. 5 and a man's head on the left. The spurious has a woman with scale, swords, &., on the right.

WHAT TO LOVE.

Love God; for God hath loved you. Love Jesus: for he became a man and died for you. Love the Holy Spirit; for he takes away the stony heart and gives the heart of flesh.

Love the Bible; for it is the book of books, and the only guide to heaven.

Love God's people; for God loves them, and they love God.

Love the Sabbath; for it is Christ's day; it tells us of him who rose from the dead for us.

The Book Department.

Being a Record of recent American Publications.

Marked Passages.

In some of the recent publications which have been noticed in this department, we have marked numerous paragraphs, possessing more than ordinary merit and interest. Perhaps we could not fill the usual space devoted to reviews of new books more acceptably to our readers this week, than by copying some of these marked passages. First, we will take a passage from the life of

CHARLES CARROLL, OF CARROLLTON.

In the work recently published by Mr. Geo G. Evans, the Gift Book Publisher of Philadelphia, styled, "Lives of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence," is this striking passage in the life of Mr. Carroll.

Charles Carroll, the Revolutionary Patriot, was born on the 20th of September, 1737. When he was only eight years of age, his father, who was a Roman Catholic, took him to France, and entered him as a student in the Jesuit College, at St. Omer's. There he remained six years, and then went to another Jesuit Seminary of learning, at Rheims. After remaining there one year, he entered the College of Louis le Grand, whence he graduated at the age of 17 years, and then commenced the study of law at Bourges. He remained at Bourges one year, and then moved to Paris, where he continued until 1757. He then went to London for the purpose of continuing his law studies there.—He took apartments in the Inner Temple, where he remained until 1765, and then returned to Maryland, a most finished scholar and well bred gentleman.

The passage of the Stamp Act, about the time that he returned to America, arrested his attention, and turned his mind more intently upon political affairs, of which he had not, for some time, been an indifferent spectator. He at once espoused the cause of the American Patriots, and became associated with Chase, Paca, Stone and others, in the various patriotic movements of the day. They became engaged in a newspaper war with the authorities of Maryland, and so powerfully did these patriots wield the pen, that their discomfited opponents soon beat a retreat behind the prerogatives and power of the royal governer. Mr. Carroll was particularly distinguished as a political writer and in 1771-72, his name, as such, became familiar in other Colonies.

In 1772, he wrote a series of essays against the assumed right of the British government to tax the Colonies without their consent. The Secretary of the Colony wrote in opposiion to them, but Mr. Carroll triumphed most emphatically. His essays were signed "The First Citizen" and the name of the author was entirely unknown. But so grateful were the people for the noble defence of their cause which these papers contained, that they instructed the members of the Legislative Assembly of Maryland, to return their hearty thanks to the unknown writer, through the public prints. This was done by William Paca, and Matthew Hammond. When it became known that Mr. Carroll was the writer, large numbers of people went to him and expressed their thanks personally, and he at once stood among the highest in popular confidence and favor.

The question is often asked why Mr. Carroll appended to his signature, when signing the Declaration of Independence, the place of his residence, "Carrollton?"

It is said that when he wrote his name, a delegate near him suggested, that as he had a cousin of the name of Charles Carroll, in Maryland, the latter might be taken for him, and he (the signer) escape attainder, or any other punishment that might fall upon the heads of the patriots. Mr. Carroll immediately seized the pen, and wrote "of Carrollton" at the end of his name, exclaiming "They cannot mistake me now!"

THE WESTERN GAMBLER.

While Wilkins Wylder, the hero of Mr. Miller's new work, "Wilkins Wylder or the Successful Man," was passing down the Mississippi in one of her magnificent palaces, he brought to light an original genius. His name was Ogilby; he left College, went to New Orleans, was drugged in a gambling saloon, robbed of his money, stripped of his clothing, and inhumanely left lying in the street. In this necessitous condition he found employment and an honest living in the capacity of cook on this steamer. Mr. Wylder found him on board, offered assistance to enable him to return home, obtained his release from the Captain, introduced him to the passengers a penitent and reformed man. Ogilby was a genius in intellect, his conversation was in brilliant impromptu blank verse. Here is a specimen: Mr. Ogilby was engaged in conversation with Mr. Goodson, a minister, on the subject of religion. In one corner sat a man, looking on with a kind of sneer at what was passing between the two. Soon after Mr. Goodson had retired from the company, this individual in the corner, who was known to be a gambler going up and down the river after his prey, addressed himself to Mr. Ogilby with a sort of reckless familiarity, and said, "The parson came near getting you this time. I am afraid I shall not have the pleasure of your company at the exhibition in New Orleans, to which I was anxious to introduce you, that you might avenge yourself for former injuries. The *tiger* has a strong box in the city; and you are welcome to your share."

Mr. Ogilby rose from his seat, and, casting a look of the most withering contempt on the gambler, thus addressed him:—

"Reptile, how darest thou to speak!
By what license is thy cloven tongue permitted
To hiss out counsels among honest men?
Back to thy hiding-place, thou brainless demon,
Thou mortgaged plunder of the infernal regions!
I see thy putrid carcass belted with dirks,
And pistols, and savage knives,
To kill those whom thou canst not rob at cards.
Or who may offend thy Satanic highness!
I fear thee not, thou butcher and ingrate,
Thou stalking pestilence and moral death.
Thy class I know too well: you lie in wait
To catch the artless, and then you strike
With more fatal venom than the rattlesnake,
Whose inferior in moral wealth I pronounce you:
For his rattled kingship gives warning
Of his fangs, and notifies of danger.
But you, vile robber, no such magnanimity
Your victims show; you decoy, and drug,
And purses take without even the ceremony
Of a game; and watches you also grab.
And strip your confiding, senseless dupes
Of all their clothing, and wholly destitute
Cast them into the street!—this you do,
And such feats plan and execute
With as much delight as you take daily food.
By your hellish clan I have suffered; your ways
Are to me known by sad experience.
If in perdition there be a hotter place
Than all the rest, thou, base gambler, wilt be there.
Hateful as thou art, I would adjure thee,
Before thy fate is sealed in death,
Thy infernal box, and all thy cards and tricks,
With secret springs and devices hidden,
To cast into this boiling flood, and then reform.
Thy action the applause of honest men will gain,
And for respectability thou will have a chance.
Rather fireman be, cook, or knife-grinder,
Saw wood, drive oxen, or do any thing
That's honest, rather than be a gambler.
Thy excess of degradation doth pity wake
And my forbearance doth engender.
"With heartless sneer thou didst provoke
My indignation, when rudely the preacher
Thou didst mention, and his noble cause,
Above thy malice he is far exalted,
And I, too, leaning on his holy staff,
Did for consolation ask by simple words,
Like a little child for bread looking up
Into its father's or its mother's face.
And for this respect to piety shown,
Thy dog-tail tongue thou didst wag
In mockery of what alone can save thee.
To cast thee overboard I will not insist,
Though a blessing to the world 'twould prove;
But I will leave thee to ponder on thy steps,
As inch by inch they hasten thee to hell.
When thou art there arrived, a pit
Of deepest fire, blue with brimstone Blaze,
Shall thee engulf, and howling loud
Shall thy employment be through vast eternity.
And yet, thou miserable wretch, if I could,
I would not send thee to such quarters,
To join the victims thou hast destroyed.
But rather would I forgive thee all,
As myself I hope to be forgiven
By that Father of us all who hears
The cry of penitence and the wail of sorrow,
Never to Him addressed in vain.
And now, poor, degraded gambler,
Whilst thy calling I despise, thee I pity,
And all deluded men who roam,
Like thee, to cheat, plunder and deprave,
My leave of thee I take forever!"

THE BLESSINGS OF POVERTY.

Timothy Titcomb has written and published some admirable letters; they are written, some of them to young men; some of them to young women. Here is a short extract from one on the blessings of poverty. Read it and take courage:

If there is any thing in the world that a young man should be more grateful for than another, it is the poverty which necessitates starting life under very great disadvantages. Poverty is one of the best tests of human quality in existence. A triumph over it is like graduating with honor from West Point. It demonstrates stuff and stamina. It is a certificate of worthy labor, faithfully performed. A young man who cannot stand this test is not good for anything. He can never rise above a drudge or a pauper. A young man who cannot feel his will harden as the yoke of poverty presses upon him, and his pluck rise with every difficulty that poverty throws in his way, may as well retire into one corner, and hide himself. Poverty saves a thousand times more men than it ruins, for it only ruins those who are not particularly worth saving, while it saves multitudes of those whom wealth would have ruined. If any young man who reads this letter is so unfortunate as to be rich, I give him my pity. I pity you, my rich young friend, because you are in danger.

You lack one great stimulus to effort and excellence which your poor companion possesses. You will be very apt, if you have a soft spot in your head, to think yourself above him, and that sort of thing makes you mean, and injures you. With full pockets and full stomach, and good linen and broadcloth on your back, your heart and soul will get plethoric, and in the race of life you will find yourself surpassed by all the poor boys around you, before you know it.

A TOMATO-CATSUP FARM.

The editor of the Tarboro' (N. C.) Mercury, recently writing to his paper from Knott's Island, (a kind of peninsula rather than island in Currituck county, N. C.,) says:

The soils and farms upon Knott's Island are rather stiff and very prolific in the culture of corn and marketable vegetables. For the first time, we saw upon this Island a Tomato-Catsup plantation—where the tenant cultivates tomatoes entirely, and stills them into Catsup, which he sells and ships by the barrell, as the people of Edgecombe and Nash do their "apple jack."

A STORY CONTRADICTED.

The rumor that forty-eight persons were poisoned week before last at a wedding party near Cokesbury, S. C., is contradicted. Forty or fifty were sick, but none died. It was considered a case of accidental poisoning.

A coffin maker having apartments to let, posted his bills announcing the same, upon the coffins in the window, "lodings for single gentlemen."

In all noble enterprises the ladies are like the electric telegraph—far in advance of the *males*.

Our Homes.

"THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

MIND YOUR WORDS.

All young people should acquire in early life the habit of good language, both in speaking and writing, and to abandon, as early as possible, all use of slang words and phrases. The longer they live, the more difficult the acquisition of such language will be; and if the golden age of youth, the proper season for the acquisition of language, be passed in its abuse, the unfortunate victim of neglected education is very probably doomed to talk slang for life. Money is not necessary to procure this education. Every man has it in his power. He has merely to use the language which he reads, instead of slang which he hears, to form his taste from the best speakers and poets of the country, to treasure up choice phrases in his memory, and to habituate himself to their use—avoiding, at the same time, that pedantic precision which shows rather the weakness of a vain ambition than the polish of an educated mind.

VINEGAR.

Good domestic vinegar, free from injurious drugs, can be made as follows: To five gallons of soft water, add a half gallon of New Orleans molasses, a half ounce of cream of tartar, and three or four small scrips of white paper. Keep the cask in a warm place, and bung out until the contents ferment, shaking occasionally.

DOMESTIC FAULTS.

A writer thus speaks of the fatal influence of small faults on the peace of households:

Homes are more often darkened by the continual recurrences of small faults, than by the actual presence of any decided vice. These evils are apparently of very dissimilar magnitude; yet it is easier to grapple with one than the other. The Eastern traveler can combine his forces, and hunt down the tiger that prowls upon his path—but he scarcely can escape the musquitoes that infest the air he breathes or the fleas that swarm in the sand he treads. The drunkard has been known to renounce his darling vice; the slave to dress and extravagance, her besetting sin—but the waspish temper, the irritating tone, rude dogmatic manners, and the hundred nameless negligences that spoil the beauty of association, have rarely done other than proceed till the action of disgust and gradual alienation has turned all the current of affection from their course, leaving nothing but a barren track over which the mere skeleton of the companionship stalks along.

WOMAN AND HER NEEDLE.

"Hawthorn" has a quiet, pleasant, thoughtful way with him. See what he makes out of what one might deem the hopeless subject of needlework:

There is something extremely pleasant, and even touching—at least, of very sweet, soft, winning effect—in this peculiarity of needlework, distinguishing women from men. Our own sex is incapable of any such by-play, aside from the main business of life; but women—be they of what earthly rank they may, however gifted with intellect or genius, or endowed with awful beauty—always some little handiwork ready to fill the tiny gap of every vacant moment. A needle is familiar to the fingers of them all. A queen, no doubt, plies it on occasion; the woman-poet can use it, ay, adroitly as her pen; the woman's eye that has discovered a new star, turns from its glory to send the polished little instrument gleaming along the hem of her kerchief, or to darn a casual fray in her dress. And they have greatly the advantage of us in this respect. The slender thread of silk or cotton keeps them united with the small, familiar, gentle interests of life; the continually operating influences of which do so much for the health of the character, and carry off what would otherwise be a dangerous accumulation of morbid sensibility. A vast deal of human sympathy runs along this electric line, stretching from the throne to the wicker-chair of the humblest seamstress, keeping high and low in a species of communion with their kindred beings. Methinks it is a token of healthy and gentle characteristics, when women of high thoughts and accomplishments love to sew, especially as they are never more at home with their own hearts than while so occupied.

TABLE MANNERS.

Many persons make as much parade of a napkin at table as if it were intended more for ornament than use; and many others press it into services it was not meant to perform. For example, it is not to be used as a pinafore, nor to protect the lap from soil. Persons at their meals are not expected to spill their food; nor yet to carry their mouths to it; they are required rather to convey it carefully and quietly to their mouths, and to use the napkin, the proper place for which is upon the knee, when it is needed for the lips or the fingers.

Bread should never be cut at table, but always broken.

Many persons pour the coffee or tea from the cup into the saucer, as if to cool; and then, drawing the bottom of the former across the edge of the latter, place it upon the table. This is a very clownish practice: saucers were never designed to be placed to the lips; their only office is to hold the cup, from which the beverage should be taken.

A noble person needs but a plain garment to set it off; a beautiful picture, but a simple frame; a great thought is best dressed in the simplest language. But all these need a spirit of understanding to be appreciated.

The more our ladies practice walking, the more graceful they become in their movements. Those ladies acquire the best carriage who don't ride in one.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

To One Remembered.

BY FRANK DOANE.

Thy coldness broke the hallow'd tie
Which bound us heart to heart,
And, sundering every golden link,
Then bade me from thee part.
To leave thee thus was all, yes, *all*
A trusting heart could bear,
And manhood's pride alone buoy'd up
My spirit 'bove Despair.
I thought thee true—but woman's love!
A thing it is how strange!—
A *woman* did my rival prove,
And cause thy love to change!
That rival smiled—and you forgot
Each vow you ever made,
And 'neath dark Lethe's silent wave
My love you lightly laid.
Every memento of thy love
Was bid forgotten be;
Each happy smile, each sacred thought,
Was turn'd to mockery.
The pledge of thy eternal truth
Was taken from me then,
And I forewarn'd to heed it not,
To trust thee ne'er again.
I sigh'd—and bow'd me to my fate,
With resignation proud—
But, *soul were dead*, my feelings froze
'Neath Love's first winter-cloud.
But, Time roll'd on—another change!
A change—but not in me—
Thy *friend*, my *rival*, far away,
Forgets her love for thee!
Yet, I, *forgotten*, can't forget
The love that once was mine,
And, struggling to be free, my heart
Can own itself but thine!
Thus, freely, I my wrongs forgive,
And offer still the same
Acrostic prayer, twelve months ago,
I heard with thy name.
If Love so soon can buried be,
In vain I may not crave
That, with it, too, all *Hate* of me
You'll sink within its grave—
The last, forgotten and forgiven,
To die 'mong wither'd flowers,
The first to bloom again in Heaven
Amid its fragrant bowers!

Oct. 1, 1860.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

*Roaring Water.

BY D. S. LATTA.

"On the banks of the Roaring Water,"
Long years ago;
There I met the Chieftain's daughter,
Like the bounding roe.
As wild as nature was this maiden,
Of the Roaring Water,
Bounding along the bright stream's side;—
This fair, Chieftain's daughter.

Oh! how I loved this Chieftain's daughter,
Long years ago,
The angel of the Roaring Water.
Nature made her so;
Would I could see her, now so bright,
My fair, bounding roe,
As when she walked, with step so light,
Long years ago.

"On the banks of the Roaring Water,"
Sleeps my maiden fair,
This airy, fairy Chieftain's daughter,
Sleeps sweetly there:
Nature looks in wildness where—
On the Roaring Water,
Sleeping sweetly, gently there—
Lies the Chieftain's daughter:

Wilmington, N. C.

*Suggested by a passage in a letter to the "Observer," by the senior Editor, relating to the French Broad River.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE GOLDEN CHAIN.

By the Author of "Arnold, the Student," "Ruth Warren; a Story of the Revolution," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

The Last Link.

"Going home!"

The prayer had been offered, the band had ceased their rich, saddening music, the last kind word had been spoken, the hearty shake of the hand had been given, the burning tear of youth's strong friendship had been shed, and the large crowd were hurrying away. The commencement exercises at —— College had been concluded, and a score of young men, fresh and warm-hearted, for whom the prayers of many a hearth had ascended, and over whom there had been tender yearnings, were sent forth as educated men, to bless the world, with their influence and example.

We will not go with all of them to their quiet firesides and happy home-circles. Our imagination may picture the meeting with loved ones, but our pen could not draw the lines. One of them, however, we will follow. He was rather small and youthful-looking, with dark hair, straight and of rich brown, and blue eyes, that had a sad, yet earnest gaze. His face was pale, and his countenance thoughtful. The high, square forehead showed that he had the brain, and his compressed lips, the determination to study. It was this one who uttered the words with which our story opens.

Going home! Each one is a traveler! Each one is going home! Perhaps he is not hurried on by a swift-coursing car, or drawn by a fire-eating horse. Perhaps he is not seeking the pleasures of the family, or the affections of the hearth. Yet each is borne rapidly to a home, where is endless joy in store for him, or where he must dwell with everlasting burnings.

Going home! How sweet a thought it is to the weary wanderer, damp from the foam of the ocean, or polluted with the dust of the continent, to think of home. How much more infinitely sweet and precious is it to remember that He, who hath loved us, hath provided a rest for his people, a home for his children! As in the one case, the way-worn traveler turns from all, to seek his enjoyment at his fireside, so in the other, there must be a turning from the satiating pleasures of life to that true bliss, which is found in loving and worshipping God!

We will not travel with our young friend as he is carried by the swift steam-steed through fertile plains and smiling valleys, through barren hills and prosperous villages, to his home. We will introduce to our readers the family of Mr. Richardson, of which William Richardson was a member.

It was the summer, and no fire was crackling in the large fireplace; but it was filled with a bough of the deep-green gum, intertwined with the upper growth of the asparagus. The massive window-casement and the high ceiling, together with the heavy oaken furniture of the room, dark with age, showed that the house had been built in the olden time. In the centre of this apartment stood a heavy mahogany table, with grotesque figures, carved upon its massive legs. On it was placed a lamp of equally huge dimensions proportionately which, though bright and polished, gave marks of great age. Both these pieces had been handed down for five generations, and purported to have been brought from Spain, by the settlers from that nation. The rich golden light subdued by heavy shading, cast a soft, yet pleasant aspect over the room, and contributed to the happiness of the hour.

It was in this room, that Mr. Richardson, with his wife and three children, were sitting in expectation for the sixth member of the family-circle. Mrs. Richardson sat near the open window, in a large arm-chair, while on the one side, was a boy, joyous and bright, of eleven, his eyes sparkling with emotion and delight, and on the other a girl of thirteen summers, with dark, thick tresses and a black, laughing eye. The father was more thoughtful, and near him sat the eldest daughter, with pensive countenance and blue eye. Yet all were happy and joyous, and but few could boast of such a cheerful home. The expected arrival was at length announced, and the son, the pride of the house, entered.

It were vain to attempt to describe the emotions of the hour, to tell all the tender questions of loving parents and sisters, or to relate all the striking news. Johnny had in store, wherewith to surprise his brother. Those who have returned to hearts full of love, after absence and weariness, have experienced the richness of the bliss; and to those who have not, it would be impossible to describe.

The novelty and excitement of the occasion soon wore off, and the queries next propounded, were of a more practical nature.

"William, have you felt prepared to grapple with life?" asked the father.

"I do not really understand the meaning of your question," replied William.

"The world considers you an educated man: do you feel that now you are ready to engage in the toils, that devolve upon the worldling?"

"Ah! father, you know my desires. It is my wish to prosecute my studies further."

"But you have passed the studies of a College, you can pursue your studies no further, except by private diligence and research."

"Perhaps, I should not have cherished such notions, father, but I have hoped to cross the ocean, and study in the walls of a German University. I may make desire of knowledge too much my god; but I trust not. I will curb my ambitions, and banish my hopes, if you think best. I build air-castles too frequently."

The father looked upon the sad blue eye, and the pale, thoughtful looking face of the ardent student, with unutterable tenderness. Love and deep anxiety were mingled with that gaze, but the son knew too readily the meaning of it.

"Do not be concerned my dear father, I am willing to labor, and I should not be so ambitious."

"You know," was the reply of Mr. Richardson, "that it would be utterly out of my power, William, with the present disarrangement in my affairs, else it would rejoice me to fulfil your wishes."

A faint rapping was heard at the door, so faint indeed, that it would have remained unheeded, had it not been repeated. The servant announced that a stranger wished to see the proprietor.

Mr. Richardson entered the hall, and stranger introduced himself as Mr. Haven. After the customary salutations, Mr. Richardson asked him to come into the sitting-room.

"Thank you, Mr. Richardson, I wish to see you alone," replied Mr. Haven.

"Walk then into my library," and so saying Mr. Richardson conducted him into a large room, which was well stocked with books, and the best literature of the day.

"I will keep you in suspense no longer, Mr. Richardson," spoke the stranger, "and will tell the object of this unexpected visit. I am laboring, sir, as a colporteur, and have suffered pecuniary loss from it, and am unable to spend my evenings at a city hotel. I would wish, sir, to share your hospitality for the night."

"With all my heart," answered Mr. Richardson, "I delight to honor those who labor to advance the Saviour's cause."

"I am happy to hear your answer; it has gratified me very much; and I would not have been so bold to present such a request; but more than twice to-night, had I been turned rudely away, and the hand of Providence rests heavily upon me. A year ago, I would have scorned to ask the least favor, but my heart has seen bitter hours."

Mr. Richardson became much interested in this simple story, simply told, and asked for further information with regard to a history so striking and strange, and which had been revealed so unexpectedly.

"I am not now what I once was, thank God, in more respects than one," said Haven, and spoke fervently and earnestly.

The colporteur was a young man, perhaps not yet twenty-three, with dark hair and soft black eyes, that showed a sad life and a sorrowful heart. Even through those black locks, a silver strand now and then was woven, for distress had come heavily upon him. He was thinly clad, and those course clothes seemed ill at ease, for his manners indicated good breeding and familiarity with the most polished society. His conversation was elegant and refined, and his air was that of a gentleman. Mr. Richardson could not but be interested, and his heart had already sympathized with the poor stranger.

"Parts of my history are too dark, my dear sir, and must remain untold. Some day I may reveal it unto you, for I have found in you a friend, I trust, and one who sympathizes with me."

"You have, Mr. Haven, my most sincere prayers, and my earnest wishes, that He who has thus afflicted you, may use you for His own glory, and your eternal good."

"Mr. Richardson, I thank you for this," answered the colporteur, "and I ask that you may not probe my wounded spirit further. It is a sad story, and racks my heart to tell it."

"You, sir, are at liberty: I wished not to recall bitter hours, I wished not to bring back unpleasant recollections. Let us go into the sitting room, where my family is gathered. My son has just returned from college, having graduated, and it is but an honest pride, I hope, when I wish you to become acquainted with him."

They had already risen, and were departing from the room, and going through the hall: they entered the room in which the happy family party were sitting.

"My wife, Mrs Richardson, Mr. Haven."

Mrs. Richardson advanced, and as they shook hands, the colporteur made a profound bow.

"My daughter, Alice," said Mr. Richardson. Haven bowed very low

"My daughter, Fannie," said he again, and again the same graceful bow was made.

"My sons, William and John."

To each of these, Haven gave a cordial shake of the hand His graceful manner, and the ease and elegance with which he conversed, showed he once moved in the higher walks of life, in the higher circles of fashion. The conversation was lively and entertaining, and an hour had passed away merrily.

Kindred spirits seek each other, and chords of sympathy and love are quickly struck, in the hearts of those who have been saddened. Nature acts upon the same principle, for the little bird's plaintive melody is echoed back in the songs of his mate, and the wood is resounding with sweet and touching strains.

For this reason perhaps, Mr. Haven was engaged in earnest yet pleasant conversation with the fair Alice. The soft black eye not unfrequently met the blue eye of the pensive girl.

Their seats had, perhaps accidentally, been near each other. Alice had not changed her seat during the evening, and William had taken his near the group of the mother, and the two younger children; and the chair, which Mr. Richardson had vacated, when he left the room, was taken by the stranger, and had been occupied by him. So the two were separated only by the heavy mahogany lamp-stand. Perhaps the books with which the table was covered, suggested the theme of conversation. Mr. Haven had carelessly opened one of the volumes, and saw that it was a copy of Massinger. Pleased with this discovery, he glanced over the titles of the other works. There were Burns and Pollok, Cowper and Thompson, Scott, Campbell and Montgomery.

Addressing Alice, he said:

"Do you admire poetry, Miss Alice?"

"I am passionately fond of it," replied she, "have you a fondness for it?"

"I have," answered Haven, "I may say, I like it almost to passion, and were I to make a selection of poems with which to adorn a centre table, my selection would not differ far from this."

"What improvement would you dare to make," asked Alice playfully, "for I had prided myself on my taste."

"I have certainly great respect for your taste; it exhibits a cast of mind, which pleases me very much; but for Pollok, I would have substituted his great master Milton, and I would most assuredly have introduced Barrett Browning, and some American poet."

"Your choice, I yield, is more rich and sweet than mine; Milton has a place here, but the volume has been misplaced; Barrett Browning I keep in my room, where I have Longfellow, Bryant and Morris. Our American poets we place upon the table of the drawing room. And now," continued Alice, for the sad voice, and the soft black eye of the colporteur, had interested her already, "which poet do you prefer? or may I be so bold to ask?"

The stranger replied: "I cannot but grant you, Miss Alice, the privilege of asking this, and I would be happy, could I answer so as to interest you. For improving the style, and cultivating beauty and elegance of language, I would prefer Massinger and Scott; for the entertainment of myself or of my friends, I would read Burns or Thompson or Campbell; for purifying and elevating the thought, I would choose Milton, and for the heart, to heal the wounds and soothe the feelings I would take Cowper and Montgomery."

"Well done and cleverly expressed," said Mr. Richardson. In the earnestness of their conversation, they had not observed that the other members of the family had ceased their small talk, and had been listening to the entertaining conversation which had thus been carried on.

"Well," chimed in Fannie, with her full-of-fun face and laughing eye, "is it possible that Mr. Haven and sister have been talking of poetry!"

Mr. Richardson looked sternly at Fannie and administered a severe rebuke.

"I should have fairness done me," said Haven, "and since Miss Alice has elicited my opinion, it is but proper that I should ask her opinion."

"You have already expressed it, Mr. Haven, more fully and yet more concisely than I could," replied Alice, "and yet I would ask another question."

"I will be glad to hear it, and still more so, to answer."

"Which of Montgomery's poems do you like the best?"

"Your question is too difficult. That sweet lyric 'Broken Ties' is very precious to me, and I know of no poetry that surpasses this stanza:"

"Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night;
They hide themselves in heaven's own light."

"Do you not think it beautiful?"

No one could keep from thinking so. His voice always sad and sweet was most inexpressibly tender, and exquisitely modulated. When he finished, a tear sparkled in his eye, but it was soon gone.

"If I may be so bold as to continue the conversation, I will mention a sweet poem entitled 'Charity,' which I found in some country newspaper, and which, I believe, was copied"

"I am very walking now, Mr. Haven," said Mr. Richardson, "to rely upon your taste and judgment. Country new-papers, as they are termed, should have more encouragement than they do have; for through their influence, the young and talented are brought before the world, and a promising bud has been nipped off by the cold biting wind, that would sweep away these family institutions."

"I coincide freely and fully in your views," answered Haven, "and will just add that, by means of these literary and family papers, is disseminated more wholesome truth, sound morality and beautiful literature than by any other means The great Irving was first 'Jonathan Oldstyle' in a poor newspaper, and other men have thus commenced the most brilliant literary careers. But let us come to the piece in question. I am passionately fond of music, as I am of poetry, and have attempted to put these lines to music. May I not ask you, Miss Alice, to take the harp which has been idle thus far, and sing these words?"

"Yes, sister, do," said William, who had been interested so much as to abstain from the conversation, "and let us all sing, if Mr. Haven has put the different parts in harmony. Fannie will carry the second Soprano, Mr. Haven the Tenor, father and I, the bass, and let us have some sweet music as in the olden time."

But little persuasion was needed, and the choir were soon ready to sing the following

SONG.

Charity.

The widow's heaving sigh and bitter moan,
The orphan's burning tear,
The heart that weeps for joys, that now have flown,
And knows but gloom and fear;
The broken limb, the white-haired, trembling man
In poverty's cold dress,
These ask for charity. Who can,
Should minister and bless.

'Tis charity to minister to woe,
To soothe the aching wound,
To cheer the weary pilgrim here below,
As he is homeward bound,
To give sweet joy to hearts made sad by grief,
To grant the wayworn rest,
And to the sorrowed spirit bring relief,
This charity is blest.

But richer charity there is than this,
That soothes the wounded soul,
That gives the lifeless, loveless heart some bliss,
That breaks life's bitter bowl,
That gives to empty hearts some happiness,
That blighted souls some joy,
This charity the truly noble bless,
And their rich songs employ.

The music ceased, and that wild, weird, rich strain still lingered in the ear. Mr. Haven's rich sonorous tenor, the heavy bass, the soft sopranos of Alice and Fannie all created a sweet symphony that was grand.

"The poetry was very pretty, Mr. Haven, but I thank you need compliment, or rather deserve it, for your sweet melody and the rich harmony of parts," said Mr. Richardson.

"Who was the author of the song, Mr. Haven?" asked Alice.

"The name published is 'W. L. Richardson;' can it be Mr. William here?"

"Those are his initials," said Mr. Richardson, in reply to Mr. Haven; and then addressing his son, he continued: "William, did you write that?"

"I did, father," was the meek reply of the son.

Mr. Haven congratulated him heartily, while the family looked proudly upon William.

The hour for evening worship had come, and Mr. Richardson, whether under the influence of the sweet strains which still sounded in his ears, read that beautiful apostrophe of the apostle to Charity.

The prayer was over, and the heart's incense offered.

How sweet is rest to the weary soul! How refreshing is the slumber and repose of sleep to the aching frame! How should these times of sweet rest be earnest to us, of a heavenly rest where there will be no going out forever!

(To be continued)

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

Among some of the South Sea Islanders, the compound word for "hope," is beautifully expressive. It is "manaolana," or the swimming thought—faith floating and keeping its head aloft above water, when the waves and billows are going over one—a strikingly beautiful definition of hope, worthy to be set down along with the answer which a deaf and dumb person wrote with his pencil, in reply to the question, "What was his idea of forgiveness?" "It is the odor which flowers yield when trampled on."

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

ALEXANDRIA, September 26th, 1860.

Dear Times:—Have you forgotten me quite?

"Yes."

Not a bit flattering to my vanity. Yet how can one so insignificant hope to be remembered after so long an absence? It would be preposterous egotism to imagine it. But we have been wandering about so during the last several months, that a literary production from our pen, would have been quite as laborious as Christian's march up the hill of Difficulty, and as we never labor to appear in the pleasant realms of Author-land, we have *ex necessitate rei*, been *non est inventus*.

But now that we have come back, and nestled down in this cosy old arm chair, while the Autumn winds rustle like rain through the tinkling leaves, all spotted with the crimson blood that oozes from the broken arteries of poor, dying Nature, crushed beneath the chariot wheels of Time; with the faint sunlight flinging a sickly smile around her pale lips, we feel the spirit of inspiration coming over us saying to the great world—its joys, its cares, its sorrows—"get the behind me, Satan;" and we live again in an ideal clime, peopled with fancies and sweet dreams to revel in.

Let the world say what it will, there is no joy like to a quiet ramble through the green, fresh, flowery realm of ideality, where the angels of thought track stars through the blue atmosphere, as they pioneer us to the gates of pearl, and we catch sweet waifs of the New Song, drifting from the great Temple within.

To atone for our long absence (if indeed, you have cared about it at all) we send you the following touchingly beautiful poem, placed in our hands by the young and gifted Author, while on a recent visit to Richmond; to whom we are indebted for unremitting attentions, during our stay.

If appreciation is the great object of a Poet's life, these lines have realized the author's aim. We read them while absent from *our* dear mother, and tears was the guerdon of the writer's effort.

As an old correspondent of the *Times*, we take pleasure in introducing to you and your readers, as a future contributor, Mr. M. V. Moore, the author of the work now in course of publication, entitled "Poets and Poetry of the South."

"MOTHER" is the golden bell that rings up from the depths of years, the sweetest, the dearest, the best things of the days that are no more; and many loving, yearning hearts, will turn in sympathy and admiration, to catch the soft, sad chimes of child-like affection, from stern, strong manhood, while far

SARAH J. C. W.

OUT AT SEA.

(To my Mother.)

BY M. V. MOORE.

I'm out upon the sea, Mother,
With canvass to the breeze;
Our gallant ship is surging through
This wilderness of seas;
The dreary waves are wild, Mother,
They moan so sad to me,
Now thinking of the loved I leave,
In drifting out to sea.

I sit upon the deck, Mother,
And gaze into the West,
And watch the swiftly fading coast,
With sorrow in my breast;
My dreams were very sweet, Mother,
Last night, of home and thee;
Perhaps they're all the joy I'll have
In sailing o'er the sea.

The wind is rushing on, Mother,
The waves are running high;
The billows wildly chase each other,
In mountains to the sky;
Their whitened crests are 'round us, Mother,
They toss the ship as free,
As this young mother does her babe,
Beside me on the sea.

I've watched them in their plays, Mother,
And sighed at every kiss;
Their loves have blest a thousand times,
In such a scene as this;
It 'minds me of the kisses, Mother,
Thou'st often given me—
Which I may never share again,
For wandering on the sea.

I love thee more and more, Mother—
Aye, more and more each day,
And memory plumes her wings afresh,
And flies to thee away;
And oh! it will be joy, Mother,
When I have ceased to roam,
To meet thee and thy kiss again,
With all the loved at home.

Then here's to thee a prayer, Mother,
And breathe thou one for me,
That He who hears the Mother's prayer,
Will guide me on the sea.

Off Cape Henry, 27th, May, 1860.

WHAT IS DEATH?

Oliver Wendell Holmes vividly describes death thus: "By the stiffness of the sharpened features, by the blackness of the tearless eye, by the fixedness of the smileless mouth, by the deadening tints, by the contracted brow, by the dilating nostril, we know that the soul is soon to leave its mortal tenement, and is already closing its windows and putting out its fires."

It is vain to stick your finger in the water and pulling it out, look for the hole, and equally vain to suppose that however large a place you may occupy, the world will miss you when you are dead.

THANKSGIVING.

Gov. Morgan, of New York, has appointed Thursday, the 29th of November, as a day of Thanksgiving and Prayer in that State.

Guard well Southern rights and liberties.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

Terms.—Single subscriber, $2 per year, in advance: clubs of ten and over, $1 50, each. No paper sent unless the money accompanies the order, nor will the paper be sent longer than paid for. Specimen copies sent gratis, on application. Address, COLE & ALBRIGHT.

☞ Subscribers receiving their paper with across-mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

Notice.

We will be obliged to any of our subscribers, who may have a copy of the Times of July 7th, and have no further use for it, if they will let us have it. We want about six copies of that date.

Growth of New Orleans.

New Orleans has recently taken a rapid start in the growth of prosperity. The *Delta* is satisfied from recent personal observations, as well as the annual reports of the trade and commerce, and the returns of the census collectors, that the progress and growth of the city for the last three or four years surpass those of all the other cities in the Union.

These results, too, says the *Delta*, have been achieved against obstacles which would have crushed the energies and extinguished the hopes of any other community. These have, however, been nobly overcome, and the destiny of this city is now determined.

How Walker Died.

We published last week a statement that Walker confessed his injustice to the Hondureneans before his death, and craved their pardon. This appears to be a false report. The New Orleans *Delta* gives the statement from an eye witness. Gen. Walker was marched to the place of execution between two priests, and spoke to no one except in whispered responses to the priests. Arrived at the place, the priests held a brief colloquy with him, received his confession, and administered to him the last sad rites of the Church, and retired. A section of four soldiers were then ordered to their post, and taking their position within twenty paces, the usual military commands were given, and the soldiers took deliberate aim at the body of the gallant American, not a feature of whose face, not a fibre of whose body betrayed the slightest emotion of fear. The command "fire" was given, the volley discharged, and the General fell forward on his face.

The body lay quivering in the agonies of death—the bullets of his executioners had passed through his head—when the second section was ordered to advance and fire another volley, which only mutilated the body, from which the life was fast ebbing. Then a single soldier marched up to the body, and placed his musket within a few inches of the already dead man, and fired, horribly defacing his countenance and blowing the head nearly from the body.

Then the troops were formed and proceeded at a lively step, back to town, leaving the body of Gen. Walker where it had fallen.—Here it was taken charge of by the priests who had attended him to the place of execution, and by two American citizens, whose names are Cornelius Hooper and Orlando Graves, and after being decently coffined was interred with the ceremonies of the Catholic Church in a cemetery outside of the town

During the whole time of the execution, not a word escaped General Walker, except his whispered responses to the spiritual consolation of the priests. The story that he addressed the spectators a short time before his execution, declaring his regret for his course, was concocted by the Hondurenean authorities, or perhaps, was fabricated in Havana, where his name and deeds were held in such terror. There is not a word of truth in the statement.

State Educational Association.

In response to the card published by the Executive Committee, naming Wilmington as the place for holding the next meeting of the Association, we find the following card in the Wilmington papers:

WILMINGTON, N. C., Oct. 13, 1860.

In view of the above call, the undersigned have been appointed by the people of Wilmington, a Committee of reception, to see to the accommodation and comfort of the delegates to the meeting appointed in their midst.

Dr. WILLIAM G. THOMAS,
Rev. JOHN S. LONG,
THOMAS H HARDIN,
JOHN D. BARRY,
DONALD McRAE,
JAMES A. WRIGHT,
} Com. of Recep'n.

Assessment of 1860, for Guilford.

No. of Acres, 401,835: Assessed value		$2,232,501
Town Lots in Greensboro, valued at	$287,250	
" High Point, "	51,980	
" Jamestown, "	15,470	
" Gibsonville, "	1,955	
		356,605
Total value of real estate,		$2,589,106

The Assessment of 1855, as shown by the Tax Lists of that year, was as follows:

400,690 acres, valued at,	$1,857,706
Valuation of Town Lots,	265,885
Total	$2,123,651

The assessment of 1860 shows an increase over that of 1855, of $465,455 in the valuation, or nearly 22 per cent.

The average value of land in Guilford, by the last assessment, is a fraction over $5.55½ per acre.

The Washington Tragedy.

On Thursday, the 4th inst., two brothers, Geo. A. and Charles H. Latham, residing in Washington, N. C., committed a murderous assault upon John W. Grist, an estimable citizen of the same place. The difficulty between the parties grew out of a misunderstanding in regard to the question of *ad valorem* taxation, anterior to the late Gubernatorial election, at which time the d—d lie passed, and blows ensued. Last Thursday, Geo. A. Latham met Mr. G. when the difficulty was renewed, followed by an altercation, in which Latham was knocked down with a stick. Latham, greatly exasperated, went off and communicated with his brother, and the two armed with revolving pistols, got into a buggy and started in pursuit of Mr. Grist. They came up with the object of their vengeance fronting the Banking House, and commenced firing.—Mr. Grist immediately drew his pistol to protect himself, and some fifteen shots were fired in all. Mr. Grist received a ball in the lower part of his abdomen, just below the navel which passed entirely through, and came out near the unfortunate man's hip. The ball it is thought also perforated his bladder. He received another severe wound in his right leg. The random shots also struck parties in the vicinity. A negro man engaged at work on a new building near by, attracted by the firing, made his appearance at the front door, when a ball struck him in the breast, which it is supposed will prove fatal. A Mr Morin, a white man, who was near, received a ball in one of his arms, inflicting a painful but not dangerous wound. The shooting occurred on Main street at mid-day, and the wonder is that a great many more persons were not injured. The brothers Latham leaped into a buggy near by, immediately after the shooting, and made good their escape.

Mr. Grist we understand, is a gentleman of high respectability and large means, and has a family. The brothers Latham are also wealthy, but unmarried, the one about 22, the other about 30 years of age.

Mr. Grist has died of his wounds.

Mass Meeting in Guilford.

The Bell and Everett Club of Guilford have made arrangements to hold a great Mass Meeting in the town of Greensboro on Friday the 2d day of November, and cordially invite the people of all parties to attend. The following gentlemen have been invited to attend and address the assembly on the occasion. Hon. Wm. A. Graham, A. G. Foster, Esq., Hon. J. M. Leach, Hon. N. Boyden, Giles Mebane, Esqs. Chalmers Gleun, Esq., A. J. Dargan, Esq., Hon. E. G. Reade, F. E. Shober, Esq., Hon. A. H. Shepherd and many others.

Golden Gifts.

Mr. Geo G. Evans, the originator of the Gift Book business, Philadelphia, dispenses from his house with a profuse hand, rich and rare gifts for every section of the country.—We have the pleasure of acknowledging another valuable gift, in a most beautiful Gold Vest Chain. The Gold Watch comes next for some body born upon a lucky day, or who carries a "lucky bone" in his pocket. We would like to chronicle his name.

Edgecombe Farm Journal.

The second number of the Edgecombe Farm Journal, published monthly by W. B. Smith, Tarboro, Edgecombe county, is received. Besides a good variety of information under the heads of Horticulture, the Household, Zoology, Editorial Miscellany, &c., &c., R. R. Bridgers, Esq., gives a second paper, on the importance of drainage in Agriculture. Also under the head of Rural Architecture, are some interesting remarks upon this subject, accompanied with designs for an Elizabethan Cottage. Price of the Farm Journal, 50 cents a year.

To Correspondents.

R. G.: We will publish your "Sonnet" with pleasure, and hope we may hear from you often.

ISA CLAYTON: Another round plump letter, containing a sketch, "The Domestic Tyrant," and the poems, "Ruby Vane," "Lines," and "The Only Star."

HARRY HOYD: We have the pleasure to announce the receipt of your letter and poem, "Drunkard's Wife."

H. A. DWIGHT: We have received the "Bankrupt's Bride," and are glad to hear from you again.

STEAMER BURNT AT SEA.

BOSTON, Oct. 9.—The steamer Connaught, of the Galway line, from Galway, was burned on Sunday, at sea.

Capt. Leith reports that on the 6th, at 8 P. M. when 150 miles east of Boston, she sprang a leak in her engine rooms. They succeeded in keeping the water below the fires, till 4 Sunday morning, when it gained rapidly and extinguished the fires. At 9.30, smoke was discovered issuing from the aft stokedole.—Notwithstanding the utmost efforts, the fire gained, and soon drove the cabin passengers on deck. The water and fire both continuing to gain, the boats were got ready. The first that was lowered was stove. Six others were launched successfully, and filled with the passengers.—About 12 o'clock the Brig Winnie Scheffer saw the signal of distress and bore down for the burning steamer. At 7 p. m. commenced embarking the passengers, the Brig having a hawser to the steamer on her starboard side. It was now very hot. At 9.30 all the passengers were got safely on board the Brig. The mails were saved. Capt. Leith was the last man to leave the wreck.—The last that was seen of the Connaught, was at 2 o'clock Monday morning, when she was one mass of flames.

Fifty cabin passengers, 417 in the steerage and a crew of 124 constituted the whole number on board, all of whom were saved.

A GAELIC SETTLEMENT IN CAROLINA.

In a letter which the *Inverness Courier* has received from a Rev. friend in North Carolina, U. S., are the following interesting particulars.

It may be interesting to some of your readers to learn that the Scotch Highlanders were among the first settlers of the State of North Carolina. The great majority of them were from the Hebrides, from Islay, Jura, Mull, Coll and Skye, and not a few from the main land of Argyll. The precise date of the landing of the first Scottish emigrants in the Carolinas cannot be well ascertained. It appears that Scotch families were settled on the Cape Fear River previous to the division of the province into North and South Carolina in 1729. Some time between 1744 and 1746 a High answer, named Neil Macneil, from Argyleshire visited North Carolina. He returned to Scotland in 1748 and in the following year landed in Wilmington, North Carolina, with his family and about 500 emigrants (some say 600) from the district of Kintyre, Argyleshire. It is said that upon the arrival of so unusual an importation at Wilmington the authorities, struck with the dress and language of the new comers, required Macneil to enter into a bond for their peaceful and good behaviour. Perhaps the warlike spirit of the Celtic race struck the Wilmingtonians with such terror as led to the demand of the bond. Our intrepid countryman managed to evade the demand, and ascended the Cape Fear with this band of his countrymen. From this period the emigration was yearly on the increase. Mr. Macdonald of Kingsburg and his lady, the fartamed Flora Macdonald, fame us for her adherence to the unfortunate Pretender, Prince Charles, in his forlorn condition after his defeat at Culloden, emigrated with a number of others from the Isle of Skye; so that every year added to the number of the Scotch Highland emigrants until they soon formed the majority of the population and control of the civil and ecclesiastical interests of no less than 7 counties viz: Cumberland, Bladen, Robeson, Richmond Montgomery, Moore and Harnett.

The Gaelic language is spoken in its purity by many in these counties, and in both my churches I preach in it every Sabbath. On last Sabbath I assisted at the dispensation of the Lord's Supper in a congregation 40 miles distant from my home, and preached and served a table at which upwards of 150 had taken their seats, who have not heard a sermon in the language of their childhood for the last ten years. Many a tear was shed during the service, many a warm shake of the hand, such as a Highlander can give, was given, and many many a blessing was bestowed upon your correspondent at parting with the warm hearted people. The Rev. Colin Maciver, a native of Stornoway, Lews, was the last preacher who could preach in Gaelic till I came to the State 2 years ago. He died in this town in 1850, much respected and regretted by his countrymen in North Carolina. I will state an instance of the preponderance of the Scotch Highlanders in this State. The *North Carolina Presbyterian*, a religious paper and the organ of our Synod, published in the town of Fayetteville, has upwards of 800 Macs on its list of subscribers, besides those who claim the honor of pertaining as much to the Celtic race as those who bear that ancient patronymic.

The Presbytery of Fayetteville, of which I and one of my sons are members, has 13 Macs among its clerical members, and 7 others who will not yield the palm to their brethren of the Mac families in tracing their Celtic origin, and hence our Presbytery has the cognomen of the Scotch Presbytery given to us by our brethren of the Synod of North Carolina.

SUED FOR REFUSING TO TELL HIS AGE.

The editor of the Clarke county (Va.) Journal, A. R. Parkins, appeared last week before the Federal District Court at Staunton, Judge Brokenbrough presiding, to answer a presentment for refusing to answer questions propounded to him by the Marshal, under the census act, and made an elaborate speech in his own behalf, denouncing the law as tyrannical and unconstitutional. The only question which he refused to answer, however, was as to his age. Judge Brokenbrough reserved his decision till the next term, and in the meantime the constitutionality of the law will be decided by the Circuit Court of the United States at Richmond.

THREE NEGROES SENTENCED TO BE HUNG.

Three negro men, two of them slaves to M L. Spencer, and the other owned by Mr. John A. Johns, were convicted in Lunenburg county, Va. last week, of an attempt to poison the family of Mr. Spencer, and sentenced to be hung on Friday, the 9th day of November next. The slave of Mr. Johns has a wife at the residence of Mr. Spencer, and thus he became implicated in the diabolical plot. The effort to kill was arranged by placing a strong admixture of some poisonous herb or plant into a basin of milk. The peculiar odor of the poison proved to be so strong that the suspicions of those for whom it was intended were aroused before the milk was drank.

COURT HOUSE BURNT.

The court-house at Lake City (Fla.) was destroyed by fire a few nights since. Not a scrap of printed matter or manuscript either in the sheriff's or clerk's office was saved.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

Men may swear, gamble, profane the Sabbath, be obscene in speech and licentious in conduct—they may absent themselves from home and spend whole nights in lasciviousness, lust, excess of wine, revelings, banquetting, and abominable idolatries—and yet not lose their place in society, but be recognized as honorable men. But let a woman follow their example, and she is driven, like Eve, from the social paradise. If even the breath of suspicion blow upon her vestal robe, it is soiled. If she lapse but once from the path of virture, she "falls like Lucifer." No penitence, however protracted, can replace her on the pedestal from which she fell. No tears can wash away the stain upon her fair name. You might as well attempt to reconstruct a broken vase or to restore the tints and fragrance of a faded flower:

"The white snow lay
On the narrow pathway
Where the lord of the valley crossed over the moor,
And many a deep print
In the white snow's tint
Showed the tracks of his footsteps to Eveleen's door.
The next Sun's ray,
Soon melted away
Every trace on the path where the false lord came:
But none shall see the day,
When the stain shall pass away—
The stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

And yet that proud lord will lift his head in society as if he were as pious as an angel, while the victim of his hellish arts is, like Cain, a vagabond upon earth. And even the virtuous woman, who would shrink from her presence as from a pestilence, will give him her hand and heart, as if he had never sinned [Philip Slaughter.

CAPTURE OF A STEAM SLAVER.

The propeller City of Norfolk, formerly running from Richmond, Va., was discovered, by a Spanish war steamer, ashore on the coast of Cuba, on the 1st inst. She had landed the night previous, eight hundred as likely negroes as were ever brought from the coast of Africa. After the cargo and crew had landed full steam was put on, the valves opened her feed pipes cut and the City of Norfolk was headed seaward and abandoned, and it was the expectation of her captain that she would soon founder, but the current, it appears, carried her ashore, which led to the discovery and capture of one hundred negroes, together with the crew. The balance of the cargo had been disposed of. The American officers and crew were sent to Havana and confined for a few days in the Navy Yard barracks, and finally sent by the American Consul to Key West, on the United States steamer Crusader, which sailed on the eve of 7th inst.

PRESBYTERIAN SYNOD.

The Presbyterian Synod of Virginia assembled in Lynchburg on the 10th inst. The introductory sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Moore, of Richmond city. There was a full attendance. R. L. Dabney was elected Moderator.

ROUTE AGENT.

Mr. Wm. L. Kestler of Rowan, has been appointed Route Agent on the western N. C. railroad.

FIRST FROST.

The first killing frost in this vicinity, was on last Monday. The lateness of the frost was a great saving to many of our Tobacco growers.

MARRIED.

In this county, on the 11th inst., by Rev. N. H. Wilson, Mr. Wm. A. Putnam and Miss Anna H. Coffin.

In Yadkin county, on the 1st inst., Lieut. J. M. Kerr, U. S. A. and Miss Jennie A. Puryear, eldest daughter of the Hon. R. C. Puryear.

In Gaston county, on the 10th inst., Mr. Jonas S. Climinger to Miss Sarah A. Adderholdt.

In Iredell county, on the 1st inst., Mr. Thos. E. Gray to Miss E. J. Burns.

In Stanly county, on the 2d inst., Dr. John S. Kendall to Mrs. Nancy Crump.

In High Point, on the 9th inst., Mr. Wm. P. Denny to Miss Emaline J. Hunt.

DIED.

In this place, on the 11th inst., Col. Nehemiah Whitting ton, aged about 75 years.

In Union county, on the 7th inst., Mrs. Agnes McNeely, wife of Mr. James A. McNeely, aged about 40 years.

In Gaston county, on the 21st ult., Wyatt M. Gladden, aged 27 years.

In Davidson county, on the 8th ult., Joel Davis, a respectable citizen, in the 67th year of his age.

In Yadkin county, on the 4th inst., Mr. Abraham Spencer, aged about 72 years. The deceased was formerly a native of Hartford county, Connecticut.

In Warrenton, on the 3d inst., at the residence of Mr. Solomon, Virginia Ann Whitley, daughter of James Whitley of Sussex, Va., aged 16 years and 2 months.

COMMERCIAL.

Greensboro Market.

Reported expressly for The Times, by B. L. Ode.

OCT. 17.

Bacon 12@15c, beef 5@6c, beeswax 25c, butter 15c, coffee 18@20c; candles, tallow 20@25c, adamantine 25@30c, sperm 40@45c; corn 90c, meal 100c, chickens 10@15c, eggs 8c, 12c; hay 40c, lard 12½@15c, molasses 40c, nails 5½@6¼, oats 40@50c, peas, yellow 90c, white $1; pork $8, rags 2½c, rice 7c, salt $2 25@2 50; sugar, brown 10@12½c, loaf 15c, crushed 15c, clarified 14c; tallow 12½@15c, wheat 1.0@1.10. Fruit—dried apples 3cts. per lb; peaches, unpealed 5@6cts. pealed 9cts.

BALTIMORE MARKET.

OCT. 13.—Wheat—New crop white 1.40@1.65; red 1.33@1.36. Corn—White and yellow 65@67.

NEW ORLEANS MARKET.

OCT. 6.—Sales of cotton to-day 6,000 bales. Middlings 10½@11¼c.

NEW YORK MARKET.

OCT. 13.—Cotton active; sales 12@11½ cents. Flour—Southern 5.85@6.10. Wheat—Southern White 1.50. Corn Mixed 71@72cts.

RICHMOND MARKET.

OCT. 13.—Tobacco—Lugs, common and good, at $2@3; Leaf, 4.50@5@8@10; Wheat—Red 0.00@1.35; white 1.00c.

PETERSBURG MARKET

OCT. 13.—Wheat—White 1.57@1.62c. Red 1.40. Cotton—mixed 10¾. Corn—67@70. Bacon—11½c. Flour—sup. 6.50@7.00; extra 7.50@8.00, family 8.50@9.50.

NORFOLK MARKET.

Reviewed weekly, by Rowland & Bros., Com. Merchants

OCT. 11.—Flour—Family 7.25, Extra 6.75, superfine $4; Wheat—white 1.20@1.55; red 1.10@1.25.—Spirits Turpentine ——. Rosin 1.50. Corn—white and mixed 62@64½, yellow 65. Bacon—shoulders 11, sides 13.

WILMINGTON MARKET.

OCT. 15.—Turpentine—Virgin $2.08, yellow dip 2.00, hard 1.50 ₱ bbl. Spirits Turpentine—Country lots 40c, ₱ gal. for New York bbls. Rosin—Pale No. 1 1.65 ₱ bbl.; Tar—2.15 ₱ bbl.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

APPLICATION will be made to the next General Assembly of the State of North Carolina to alter or amend the charter of the town of Greensboro.

Oct. 17, 1860.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—We would state for the benefit of our readers, that Mr. John R. Walker, will undertake the writing of lectures, orations, &c. &c. for those requiring his services in this direction. Mr. W. has contributed extensively to our columns under various signatures, and has much ability as a writer. Those wishing to communicate with Mr. Walker will address him at 39 William street, New York City.

PALUDAL MIASM.—The Chemists have long been laboring to detect this subtle poison and determine what it is. Dr. C. Ayer, of Lowell, has at length succeeded. He finds it to be an etherial exhalation of vegetable decay, which is evolved only in the presence and by the assistance of water. Its absorption through the lungs into the blood is the sole cause of the biliary derangements which result in the Intermittent Fevers, so alliterating and so prevalent in our climate. An antidote for this insidious venom, is one of the great desiderata in medicine, and the Doctor feels sure that he has found one which not only neutralizes but expels it completely from the system. It is put up in a convenient form, called "Ague Cure," and furnished cheaper than other remedies for this complaint; which last fact is by no means an unimportant one in these times.—*Democrat, Rockville, Md.*

Prepared by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by PORTER & GORRELL, Greensboro. oct. 1—1m

DR J. BOYEE DODS' IMPERIAL WINE BITTERS are made from a pure and unadulterated wine, which is about double the usual strength of other Wines, and is imported by only one house in the United States; also, from the following valuable Roots, Herbs, &c., viz: Solomon's Seal, Spikenard, Comfrey, Camomile Flowers, Gentian, Wild Cherry Tree Bark, and Barberry. We do not profess to have discovered some Roots "known only to the Indians of South America," and a cure for "all diseases which the flesh is heir to," but we claim to present to the public a truly valuable preparation, which every intelligent physician in the country will approve of and recommend.

As a remedy for Incipient Consumption, Weak Lungs, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Diseases of the Nervous System, Paralysis, Piles, Diseases peculiar to Females, Debility, and all cases requiring a tonic, they are unsurpassed. For the aged and infirm, or for persons of a weak constitution—for Ministers of the Gospel, Lawyers, and all public speakers—for Book-keepers, Tailors, Seamstresses, Students, Artists, and all persons leading a sedentary life, they will prove truly beneficial. These Bitters not only CURE, but PREVENT Diseases. Being entirely harmless they may be given to Children and Infants with impunity.

CHAS. WIDDIFIELD & Co., Proprietors,
78 William street, New York.

S-3d in Greensboro by
junc3 PORTER & GORRELL.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE TIMES has an increasing circulation throughout the South and Southwest, and is an excellent medium for advertising. A liberal discount will be allowed. Rates, at the rate of a line for first insertion, and one cent for each subsequent insertion. In favor of advertisements standing for six months, a deduction of 25 per cent. Advertisements, the advertisement will be inserted until forbid, and charged accordingly. Special Notices will be charged 10 cents a line for first insertion, and 7½ cents for each subsequent insertion.

R. HOE & CO., New Hand-Power CYLINDER PRINTING MACHINE.—The subscribers have recently constructed a new SINGLE CYLINDER PRINTING MACHINE, expressly designed for those offices where the business is too great to be done on an ordinary Handpress, but not sufficient to warrant the purchase of a high-priced, fast machine, to be driven by steam-power. The Press now offered is very light and convenient in form, and is constructed in the most thorough and substantial manner. It has the registering and the patent self-fixing apparatus, and the best newspaper work can be done on it. One man at the crank can easily work off 700 to 800 impressions per hour. It is constructed so that steam-power may be applied when required.

R. HOE & Co.,
Nos. 29 and 31 Gold Street, New York.

Publishers of newspapers are at liberty to insert this advertisement three times in their weekly paper, with this note, at any time during the next six months, but not later, provided they purchase type or material of our manufacture for four times the amount of their bill, which will be allowed in settlement of ours on receipt of a copy of their paper containing the advertisement.

Oct. 20—3t.

JOB WORK.—The reputation we have enjoyed for the last five years sustains us in putting OUR JOB WORK IN COMPETITION WITH THAT OF ANY OFFICE IN THE STATE.

We will do any kind of Printing as neat and as CHEAP as any other office will, and

ALWAYS HAVE IT EXECUTED WHEN PROMISED!

Address, COLE & ALBRIGHT.
October, 1860. Greensboro, N. C.

BREAKFAST and SUPPER HOUSE. BAKER'S HOTEL, *Goldsboro, N. C.*—Right-Hand side going South—Left-Hand side going North. *MEALS READY ON ARRIVAL OF THE CARS.* Baggage taken to and from the Rail Road free of Charge. Attached is one of the best Barber Shops. Liquors not to be excelled.

J. H. BAKER, *Sup't.* J. J. BAKER, *Proprietor.*
[aug. 18—tf.]

250 ACRES LAND FOR SALE, on Troublesome Creek, Guilford Co. I wish to sell privately my very valuable Tract of LAND, lying on the waters of Troublesome Creek, in the northern part of the county of Guilford. The land is in a high state of cultivation; 100 Acres heavy, wood-land; 25 Acres bottom land. There are two very good dwelling houses, with necessary out-houses &c., upon the premises, so that the land, if preferred, might be divided into two tracts. The land is located one mile north of Flat Rock and joins the tracts of Ellett H. Oakes, Barny Troxley, James Adams and Isaac Oakes. My address is Summerfield.

Oct. 13—10w. ALLEN OLIVER.

WANTED, by Two Southern young Ladies, who can present the highest testimonials, situations as teachers of the English branches. For their addresses, apply to the TIMES OFFICE.

Oct. 13—tf.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS

LOOK OUT.

The Salem Press notices an impostor who left that place a few days since in debt to the amount of $100. He had letters addressed to C W. Duval, Civil Engineer on the Florida & Tennessee Railroad. The Sentinel says:

"While here, he called himself C. W. Duval: is about 22 years of age, medium height, well built and proportioned, black hair, whiskers and moustache; he is apparently well educated, and has very prepossessing manners. Upon leaving here, it is thought he made for High Point."

RECENT ELECTIONS.

Ohio.—The returns, as far as published, confirm fusion reports. The Republicans lose three Congressmen, and gain one. The delegation in Congress will therefore, probably stand: Democrats 8; Republicans 13. At present it stands, 6 Democrats, to 15 Republicans.

Pennsylvania—The Bulletin of Philadelphia claims a majority of 32,000 for Curtin.

Indiana—Returns from 60 counties indicate a Republican majority of 15,000. The legislature on Joint Ballot, so far, stands 87 Republicans to 63 Democrats. The Congressional delegation stands 7 Republicans, 4 Democrats, just as it does in the judicial Congress.

New Jersey—The Newark charter election took place on the 9th. The following is the vote: Republican ticket, 4,500; Bell and Breckinridge fusion, 3,500; straight out Douglas, 2,500.

To the City Council are elected thirteen democrats, one independent democrat, two Bell and Everett men, and eight republicans.

The republicans carry the Board of Education. The democrats carry the Board of Excise.

Nebraska—Omaha, Oct. 12—The returns from 12 counties give Daily (Rep.) 37 majority over Morton (Dem.) The ten counties to hear from gave 398 majority last year. Morton's election is claimed by the Nebraskian. The House is Republican by a small majority, and the Council is likely Democratic.

RE-ARREST OF S. M. BOOTH.

Milwaukie, Oct. 9.—Deputy U. S. Marshal Taylor last night arrested, at Berlin, Wis., S. M. Booth, who escaped from the Custom House in August last, where he was confined for violation of the fugitive slave law. He was brought to this city this morning, where he remains in custody of the Marshal.

THE OREGON LEGISLATURE.

St Joseph, Oct. 11.—By the overland mail we have dates from Oregon to the 25th ult.—The State Senate, although without a quorum, went into convention with the House on the 20th, for the election of a U. S. Senator.—Twenty unsuccessful ballots were had, after which the House adjourned *sine die*, but the Senate, although not organized, refused to adjourn. Subsequently a portion of the members of the House reassembled and proceeded to business. It was rumored that the six absent or runaway Senators had returned and taken their seats. The question now, however, is whether the House did really adjourn *sine die*.

ESCAPE OF THE VICE CONSUL AT DAMASCUS

A letter from Damascus to the London Times gives an account of the narrow escape of Dr M. Mechaker, the American Vice Consul there. His house was attacked, and he started for the residence of the Emir. The letter says:

On his way thither he was met by a party of rebels, who fired upon him, to whom he threw handsful of money to divert their attention from his person, while he turned aside into the street leading to Bab Tuma, at the extremity of which was a guard of regular soldiers. There also he was met by another party of rebels, who fired upon him, and to whom as before he threw money, and took a third road. While proceeding on his way he suddenly came in contact with a party of Moslems, among whom were several of his acquaintances. Since then their names have been given to the Government, and six of them arrested. Some of them fired upon the doctor and his party, others attacked them with swords, axes and clubs The doctor's two children were behind him, and they cried amid their tears to the assailants, "Slay us, but let our father remain alive, for without him we cannot live." Upon which one of the monsters lifted up his sword and cut the little girl in two. The doctor resorted to his former stratagem and threw down money, by which means he then escaped without injury, although he was twice fired at from a distance of about three yards off. But subsequently he was wounded by a hatchet on the head, by a club over the eye, by a sabre on the right side, and on his right arm, in consequence of which he is still prevented from holding a pen. Upon the left hand he was struck by a club, and was beaten all over the body.

THE RETURNED CAPTURED AFRICANS.

The Navy Department have received advices from the United States agent for the liberated Africans stationed at Monrovia, stating that the three vessels chartered by the Colonization Society to convey the captured negroes from Key West had arrived. On the voyage out about three hundred and fifty had died.—He also states that upwards of two thousand were landed there during the month of August. He had disposed of them to the best possible advantage to the government, distributing them among the different settlers in the country.

ANOTHER ÆRONAUT.

Another aspirant for æronautic fame has sprung up in the person of Mr. C. C. Coe, of Rome, New York, who is making preparations for a balloon voyage to Europe. He has just completed a monster balloon in which to make the trip, and will start at an early day. It is called the United States, and is the largest balloon ever constructed, being nearly three times larger than Lowe's. It will hold 1,731,000 feet of gas, is 280 feet high, 118 diameter, and has a lifting power of 60,000 pounds.

THE PRINTER'S DOLLARS.

The printer's dollars! Where are they?—We will suppose one of them in somebody's pocket in Toronto, another in Hamilton, another in Woodstock, and a fourth in St. Thomas, while a fifth is resting serenely in some city or town in the far West. A dollar here and there, scattered all over towns, all over the country miles upon miles apart—how shall they be gathered together? The type founder has his hundreds of dollars against the printer, the paper maker, the building owner, the journeyman compositor, the grocer the tailor and all his assistance in carrying on the business, have their demands, hardly ever so small as a single dollar. But the mites from here and there must be diligently gathered and patiently hoarded, or the wherewith to discharge the large bills will never become bulky. We imagine the printer will have to get up an address to his widely scattered dollars something like the following:

"Dollars, halves, quarters, dimes, and all manner of fractions into which ye are divided collect yourselves and come home! You are wanted! Combinations of all sorts of men that help the printer to become a proprietor, gather in such force and demand with such good reasons your appearance at his counter, that nothing short of a sight of you will appease them. Collect yourselves, for, valuable as you are in the aggregate, single you will never pay the cost of gathering. Come in here in silent single file that the printer may form you into battallion, and send you forth again to battle for him and vindicate his feeble credit." Reader are you sure you hav'nt a couple of the printer's dollars sticking about your clothes?

FROM THE PRISON TO HYMEN'S ALTAR.

Maynor, tried in Raleigh last week, for the murder of Musgum, was found guilty of manslaughter and sentenced to be branded. The sentence was executed on Saturday morning last, and in the afternoon he was married. O, woman! How constant—how true! In sunshine and clouds—in prosperity and adversity, she sticks to the object of her affection like mud to a cart wheel—unless she takes a notion to elope with some other fellow.

A CONDUCTOR CANED.

We regard it proper to state that in consequence of the past conduct of one of the Conductors on the North Carolina Rail Road—Mr. Benj. F. Davidson—he was publicly caned by his brother Conductors, a few days since, and took it without offering the slightest resistance.

We were once caned in a similar manner by our employees in Columbia, S. C., and, like ourself, we have no doubt Mr. Davidson will always refer to the occurrence with pleasure.

The cane before us, presented to Mr. D., is a handsome present. The stick is ebony, capped with a massive and beautifully chased gold head bearing the following inscription:

"Presented to B. F. Davidson, by his colleagues, the Conductors of the North Carolina Rail Road, in appreciation of his noble defence of our rights, July 14, 1860."

On the side the names of the following Conductors on the Road appear as those who presented the cane:—W. B. Allen, C. E. Kluge, J. J. Bradbury, G.W. Hislop, T. W. Laws and E. E. Sumner." The present is no less appropriate than handsome.—*Daily Bulletin.*

GRAND MASS MEETING AT WINSTON.

We learn from the Sentinel that a grand meeting of the Democracy of the 6th Congressional District will be held at Winston, Forsyth, on the 25th inst.

THE UNIVERSALIST DENOMINATION.

The following statistics of Universalism in the United States, taken from the Universalist Register for 1861, are of interest:

"One General Convention: 1 Historical Society—1 General Reform Association—a Convention for the Southern States—22 State Conventions, with 15 State organizations for various purposes—88 Associations, with 9 associations for various purposes—1,276 churches or societies, 969 meeting houses, 10 seminaries, 17 periodicals and 692 preachers."

Medical.

WHY DO YE SUFFER WITH Cancers, Asthma, Scrofula, or any skin disease, when it is in your power to be speedily and effectually cured? Having treated many very bad cases—some of which were given up as hopeless by those not knowing my remedies—I have no hesitancy in saying I can cure anyone of the above diseases in a very short time. Seeing is believing, and if any one is incredulous, I can produce a number of certificates from some of the first men in this and the adjoining States. Calls will be made, or medicine sent by mail.

He is also in possession of a plain and simple art, by which the worst cases of Stuttering and Stammering can be cured in a very short time. The afflicted would do well to write him and describe their case.

Address, WM. E. EDWARDS,
tf Greensboro, N. C.

DRUGS, &c.—PORTER & GORRELL are now receiving the largest stock of DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, PAINTS, OILS, &c., ever offered in this market. One of the firm has just returned from the Northern markets, where he has been for several weeks, selecting with extreme care every article pertaining to the business. We specially invite the attention of physicians to our unusually heavy stock and splendid assortment. We feel confident that we can fill their orders with such an excellent quality of Drugs and on such liberal terms as to give entire satisfaction. may5

HENRICO PILE LOTION—The only known sure remedy for the piles. For sale at the Drug Store. may5 PORTER & GORRELL.

SCHOOL DIRECTORY.

WATSONVILLE FEMALE SEMINARY.—The fall session of this school will commence on the First Monday in July, 1860, and continue for five months. We have in our employ a full corps of teachers, and no pains will be spared to promote the advancement of young ladies who may patronize us.
dec24-tf E. F. WATSON.

THE OCEAN, from time immemorial, has been a place of resort for health and for sublime scenery. In view of this fact the

ATLANTIC FEMALE SCHOOL

Has been established at MOREHEAD CITY, N. C., in full and open view of the Sound and the Ocean, for the accommodation of such as would like to educate their daughters within the wave's enchanting harmony, and have them fanned by healthful and invigorating breezes.

This School shall be *thorough and cheap!*
aug1-1y L. BRANSON.

J. R. & E. M. McAULAY'S SELECT SCHOOL.—*Morganton, N. C.* The course of instruction will embrace the Latin and Greek languages, Mathematics and the usual English branches. It will be our earnest endeavor to render our School thoroughly preparatory to the University of N. C., or any College.

Morganton is beautifully situated among the mountains of N. C., and will soon be accessible by rail road. There is, at present, a daily coach from the head of the road, 12 miles from Morganton. ☞ For *terms*, address the Principals. Sept. 1—3m.

CAROLINA FEMALE COLLEGE.—The Exercises will be resumed on the 10th October, with a full Board of Instruction.

Tuition and Board per session of Twenty Weeks, $66.00
Music on Piano, ... 22.00

All the ornamental Branches at moderate rates. Latin and Greek Languages included in regular course. Tuition and Board payable in advance. Young ladies furnish their own towels. T. R. WALSH.
Sep. 15—2m. *President.*

TRINITY COLLEGE.—The next term will commence August 15th. We have good boarding accommodations for about two hundred students.

EXPENSES:

Tuition, ... $50 00 per annum.
Tuition in Prep. ..... $30 00 to $35 00 per annum.
Board, including rooms, fuel, washing, &c., $8 00 to $10 00 per month.
july7-1w B. CRAVEN.

NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGE.—This enterprising Institution, located at Mount Pleasant, Cabarrus County, N. C., will begin its next session September 2d, 1860. It enjoys a beautiful and healthful situation, and is of easy access to all parts of the State. Its Literary and moral advantages are unsurpassed by institutions of a similar character throughout the country. Entire expenses for session of 10 months including board, washing, fuel, tuition, and all incidentals, from $167 to $167. For further particulars address

Rev. D. D. BITTLE, *President*, or
aug. 25-8 Col. JOHN SHIMPOCH, *Sec'y of Board.*

HIGH POINT FEMALE SCHOOL.

High Point, North Carolina.

S. LANDER, A. M., *Principal.*
Miss J. C. LINDSAY, } *Assistants.*
Miss M. J. TUCKER, }
Mrs. M. J. LANGDON, }
Mrs. L. A. LANDER, } *Music, &c.*
Miss F. A. LANGDON, }

The fall session began August 6th. Pupils admitted any time, and charged for the time they remain.

RATES PER SESSION—Board $70.00; Tuition $7.50, $10.00, $12.50, 15.00; Latin or French $5.00; Piano or Guitar, $20.00.

TERMS—Twenty-five dollars per session in advance, the balance at the close of the session. Pupils furnish their own towels and candles. They are not allowed to make accounts.

For further information address the Principal.
June 30—tf.

GRAND VIEW FEMALE SEMINARY, Alamance county, N. C., Mrs. NANNIE M. MORTON, Principal, with competent Assistants. This Institution is located in a healthy and intelligent region of country, seven miles north of Gibsonville Station, on the North Carolina Railroad.

TERMS PER SESSION OF FIVE MONTHS:

Lower English Branches	$7 00
Higher English Branches	10 00
Music on Piano	15 00
Use of Instrument	1 00
French	5 00
Oil Painting	10 00
Wax, Leather Work, and Embroidery, each	5 00
Board, per session	50 00

The fall session of this Institution will commence on the 15th of July, 1860. Letters should be addressed to
JAMES MORTON.
may5-tf Morton's Store, Alamance co., N. C.

PATRICK SPRINGS FEMALE COLLEGE, PATRICK COUNTY, VA.—This Institution commenced its first Session on Thursday, July 19th. The buildings formerly used for the accommodation of visitors to the "Springs," are now devoted exclusively to College purposes, so that young Ladies may here enjoy all the benefits of the best "Watering Places," while securing all the advantages of the best Literary Institutions, at less than one-third the usual cost of boarding at such places. Although this is a Methodist College, and has a Methodist minister as its President, yet no sectarian views of any denomination will be inculcated,—the only object being to build up a great Literary Institution upon an ecclectical basis. Parents may rest assured that their daughters will here receive every attention that their comfort or happiness may need. Students are charged from date of entrance to close of Session; but we have no extra charges and deductions are made in cases of protracted sickness. Bills payable half at entrance, the remainder at close of session.

Expenses per Session of Five months—Elementary English, $12.50; Higher English, $15.00; Modern Languages, each, $7.50; Ancient Languages, each, $7.50; Music, $22.50; Painting in Oil, $20.00; Painting in water colors, $10.00; Grecian and Antique, each, $12.00; Drawing and Embroidery, each, $5.00; Board, including room rent, fuel, lights, and washing, $50.00. For particulars refer to pamphlet, or address, REV. W. B. McGAVRAY, A. M.,
aug 4-1y President.

BOOT AND SHOE STORE!—Having purchased of J. B. F. BOONE his entire stock of Boots and Shoes, the undersigned would respectfully announce to the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country, that they intend keeping a

GOOD ASSORTMENT OF BOOTS AND SHOES,

and other articles connected with that line of business always on hand—which they are determined to sell very low, and for CASH ONLY.

☞ Opposite Brittain's Hotel.
July 21-tf B. G. GRAHAM & CO.

A YOUNG LADY, OF BUSINESS tact, would like a situation, as AMANUENSIS to an invalid, or any one requiring such service.—No objection to go South. For further particulars, address

KATE J. BOYD,
Sep. 22.-tf. New York Post Office.

Every description of legal BLANKS for sale at this Office.

Periodicals.

THE N. C. JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.—The third volume of this journal commenced with the year 1860. It will be published monthly, at

ONLY ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR!

and each number will contain thirty two pages of reading matter.

THE JOURNAL is neatly printed, on good book paper, with some improvements, and efforts will be made to improve it in every respect, in proportion to the encouragement received from those to whom it looks for support.

It is the property and organ of the State Educational Association, and is under its control; and it is the aim and wish of the committee to whom the management of it is entrusted, to make it a valuable auxiliary in the cause of education.

THE JOURNAL is also designed to be a medium of communication between the General Superintendent of Common Schools and the school officers and teachers of the State. And, since the county boards of superintendents are beginning to act under the law allowing them to "subscribe for a copy of THE JOURNAL for each school district to their respective counties," more attention will be given to the special interests and wants of Common Schools,—Teachers and other friends of education are earnestly requested to act as agents, and also to contribute articles suitable for its pages.

TERMS: One Dollar per annum, invariably in advance: any one sending ten new subscribers, will be entitled to one copy extra.

THE JOURNAL and THE TIMES, one year, for $2 50.

As a medium for ADVERTISING, the *Journal* is not surpassed by any publication in the State. In about one fourth of the counties it is sent to not less than three persons in each school district, not exceeding 3 miles square, which gives it a circulation equivalent to 3000, or more, with a constant increase. For terms, &c., address,

J. D. CAMPBELL,
Greensborough, N. C.
tf

THE PAPER FOR YOUR FAMILY!
A NORTH CAROLINA PAPER!
THE TIMES!
A large Eight-Page Weekly, published in Greensboro, N.C.
$2.00 a year: $1.00 for six months.

THE TIMES contains weekly forty columns of choice matter, specially adapted to the family circle. It is neither sectarian nor political, but by being courteous to all sects and parties, it is the constant aim of the publishers to present in its columns whatever may elevate the people and enrich the State. The publishers would earnestly appeal to the families of North Carolina to give THE TIMES a trial: try it for six months, to see if it be not as well to patronise home papers, as those from abroad; to build up home interests and a State pride, as to scatter our substance and our energies among strangers. Give The Times a trial and then let it stand upon its merits.

What is said of The Times.

"The Times I regard as the very first of our Southern literary weeklies."—Rev. Charles F. Deems.

"I know of no weekly published anywhere, that is so deserving of Southern patronage, as The Times."—Rev. J. E. Edwards.

"There is no pandering to a vitiated taste—every article is of a moral tendency, and calculated both to amuse and instruct."—Wilmington Herald.

"One of the handsomest weekly papers published in the Union."—Spirit of the Age.

"Let the people of North Carolina encourage their own newspapers."—Raleigh Standard.

Address, COLE & ALBRIGHT,
Greensboro, N. C.

☞ Specimen numbers sent free on application.

LETTER FROM REV. C. F. DEEMS, D. D.

My Dear Sirs:—I have had the pleasure of reading THE TIMES from its first issue. The late improvements, the amount of talent enlisted, the outlay, the enterprise you have exhibited, should all stir our people to give you a large patronage. THE TIMES I regard as the very first of our Southern literary weeklies, and I am sure that if all we say about "Southern independence" be not mere talk, your paper will secure a large circulation. If any "good word" I can utter will serve you, I am sure it will be cheerfully spoken. Very respectfully and sincerely yours, CHARLES F. DEEMS.

LETTER FROM REV. J. E. EDWARDS.

Messrs Editors:—I have for the last two or three years been a regular reader of the Greensboro Times, and it affords me unfeigned pleasure to witness its steady progress in all those elements of a weekly literary and miscellaneous journal that adapt it so admirably to the social condition, civil institutions, and literary tastes of our Southern population. I know of no weekly paper, published anywhere, that is so deserving of Southern patronage, as the Times. It is edited with care and taste; it has a list of contributors to its columns of which any paper might be proud; its miscellaneous selections are free from coarseness, and immoral sentiments; its anecdotes, wit and humor, are piquant, racy and refreshing; in a word it is a safe, edifying, and highly interesting *family journal*, in which may be found something for parents and children, young men and maidens, and "all sorts and conditions of men." I take great pleasure in commending it to *Southern patronage* as one of the best *family papers* that has fallen under my eye. JOHN E. EDWARDS.

THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER, is one of the cheapest publications in the country. Two volumes a year are published, each volume containing at least 480 pages, in neat style, with fine cover and advertising sheet. The two volumes will be furnished for only $3 for the year 1860. Clubs remitting us $15 in one letter, will be entitled to six copies.

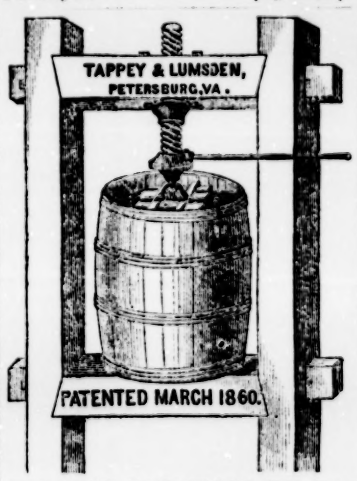
THE MESSENGER will, as heretofore, present its readers with reviews, historical and biographical sketches, novels, tales, travels, essays, poems, critiques, and papers on the army, navy, and other national subjects. The editorial and critical department will continue under the charge of Jno. R. Thompson, Esq. The business department is conducted by the undersigned, to whom all communications of a business nature must be addressed.

MACFARLANE, FERGUSSON & CO.,
jan7-tf or, Bank and 12th Sts., Richmond, Va.

Petersburg.

1860.....FALL.....FALL.....1860.

DIRECT TRADE.—I am now recieving by Ship *Susan Hicks, of my own importation, direct from Liverpool to City Point, Virginia*, and by Ship W. S. Lindsay from Liverpool to New York, a large stock of *EARTHENWARE, CHINA, PARIAN WARE, &c.*, and am recieving from the Western and Eastern Factories, GLASS WARE of all descriptions cut and prepared. My stock is large, embracing all goods found in Crockery, Glass and House furnishing establishments. I am prepared, and will offer great inducements to punctual paying or cash customers, and ask of all an examination of my goods and prices before purchasing. Best Baltimore city made Stone Warecon hand. SAMUEL STEVENS.
Petersburg Va. [aug. 18—2m.]



ENGINES, SAW MILLS, Mill Gearing, Horse Powers and Threshers, Tobacco Screws and Mills, Hydraulic Presses, Cotton Gin Irons, &c., on hand and made to order. Above is a cut of a labor-saving Tobacco Screw which carries its lever back and forward without change. Our Power and Thresher will thresh 250 bushels wheat per day, with four horses.

TAPPEY & LUMSDEN, *Petersburg, Va.*,
Sept. 8—1y. Opposite Jarratt's Hotel.

HATS, CAPS, FURS &c.—At No. 17 Sycamore Street, *PETERSBURG, VA.* I wish to make known to COUNTRY MERCHANTS and purchasers generally, that I have received my *Fall Stock* of *HATS, CAPS, FURS, &c.*, which is very large and varied and embraces all the new and desirable styles and qualities, from the cheapest Negro Hats and Caps, to the finest dress Hats for gentlemen. I have taken great care in the selection of this stock, and from my long experience in the business feel justified in saying, that it cannot be surpassed by any other establishment north or south. *Country Merchants* are particularly invited to call and examine, with the assurance that my prices and terms shall be satisfactory. [mh. 24-1y] JAMES E. WOLFF

STRANGERS Visiting Petersburg always wish to see every thing of interest. An hour can be spent in the large Establishment of J. T. Young, corner of Bank and Sycamore streets, to a better advantage than at any other place in this city. If you do not wish to purchase anything, the proprietor or clerks will take the greatest pleasure in showing all the latest styles of Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, Silver Ware, and Fancy Goods, and explain the difference in quality and prices. If you should find any thing to suit your fancy, you can rest assured it will not be misrepresented as to the quality. An unlimited invitation is extended to all.

J. T. YOUNG.

N. B.—Watches repaired by the best workmen, and warranted to give entire satisfaction. Jewelry mended in the best manner and made to look as good as new, at the Marble Front. aug. 25—6m.

1860.....SPRING STOCK.....1860

WHOLESALE CONFECTIONERY

The subscriber has received, and begs to call the attention of wholesale dealers to his splendid stock of

Confectioneries,	Fruits,	Nuts,	Fancy Goods,
Pickles,	Preserves,	Brandy Peaches,	
Cordials,	Syrups,	Sardines,	Salts, Nutmegs,
Scotch Ale,	London Porter,	Matches,	
Blacking,	Perfumery,	Soaps,	Playing Cards,
Baskets,	Musical Instruments,	Toys,	
Matches,	Porte Monnaies,	&c.,	&c., &c.

Also, a large variety of Notions, usually to be found in similar establishments. New arrivals of Choice Fruits, Nuts, &c., tri-weekly, from Baltimore and New York.

☞ Orders solicited, and promptly and faithfully executed. A. BUTTS, Jr.,
(Successor to S. H. Mabas.)
mrch24-1y No. 82 Sycamore st., Petersburg, Va

ROCK ISLAND JEANS, A LARGE Assortment for SALE at
Sept. 8. DRUCKER, HEILBRUN & CO'S.

Business Cards.

W. GRAYDON.....J. GRAYDON.....S. H. SEELEY.....W. A. SCOTT.

A. PERRY SPERRY, of North Carolina, with WM. GRAYDON & CO., importers and jobbers of Dry Goods, 46 Park Place, and 41 Barclay st., New York. 2-1y

C. POLVOGT, Upholster and Paper Hanger, Corner FRONT and PRINCESS Streets, WILMINGTON, N. C.

Keeps constantly on hand
MATTRESSES, LOUNGES,
CUSHIONS, FEATHERS,
CURLED HAIR, MOSS, and
All UPHOLSTERY MATERIALS,
Also, Paper Hangings, Window Shades, Fire Screens and Decorations of every description.
PICTURES FRAMED TO ORDER,
Prompt attention given to fitting up Rail Road Cars, Steamboats and Private Dwellings. July 21—3m.

FINLEY JOHNSON, being well known as a Writer, would offer his services to all those requiring literary aid. He will write orations, addresses, essays, presentation speeches and replies, prepare matter for the press, write acrostics, lines for albums, obituaries, and in fact attend to every species of correspondence. The utmost secrecy maintained. Post-office address, Baltimore, M. D. 107-tf

GEO. H. KELLY, BOOKSELLER, No. 27 Market street, Wilmington, N. C., keeps constantly on hand every variety of school books, miscellaneous books, blank books, drawing books, music books, foolscap and letter papers, ladies' note and billet paper, artist materials of all kinds, letter presses, letter copying books, inks, pencils, envelopes, law books, doctor books, drawing papers, lithographs for Grecian and oil paintings. Wm. Knabe & Co.'s celebrated piano-fortes, Grover & Baker sewing machines, and Conner sewing machines. All orders for any of the above articles promptly filled and forwarded by mail, railroad, or otherwise. july30-1y.

J. J. CHAPLIN, BOOK-BINDER, at the old "Star" office, (opposite the Presbyterian Church) Raleigh, N. C., respectfully informs the citizens of Greensboro and vicinity, that he will promptly attend to the binding of newspapers magazines, and periodicals of all kinds, and in any style, plain and ornamental, on moderate terms. jan1-tf

JOHN A. PRITCHETT, CABINET-MAKER, and dealer in Furniture, near the N. C. Railroad depot, Greensboro, keeps constantly on hand or will make to order all kinds of cabinet-furniture, such as dressing-bureaus, wardrobes, washstands, cottage bedsteads, chairs, coffins. FISK'S PATENT METALIC BURIAL CASES (Rosewood finish) of all sizes, always on hand. ☞ Persons wishing anything in his line should call and examine his work, as he is confident from his past experience it cannot be excelled. Work delivered on board the cars free of charge. 127-1y

JAMES M. EDNEY, GENERAL Purchasing and Commission Merchant, and dealer in pianos, melodeons, pumps, safes, sewing machines, &c., No. 147 Chambers street, New York. Commission for buying and forwarding, two and a half per cent. Also, sole proprietor of the American Pump, raising water in all depths under 150 feet, by hand. Also, publisher of "Cherokee Physician." "Chronology of N. Carolina." "Southern Bishops." "Hickory Nut Falls." &c. *References:* McPheeters & Glueselin, John B. Odom, Va.; Hon. John Baxter, Rev. W. G. Brownlow, Tenn.; Hon. T. L. Jones, Newport, Ky.; Brown & McMillan, Washington; W. & D. Richardson, Galveston, Texas; D. R. McAnally, D.D., St. Louis; Rev. G. C. Gillespie, New Orleans; J. W. Stowy, Charleston, S. C.; Hon. W. A. Graham, Hon. J. W. Ellis, Hon. D. L. Swain, Charles F. Deems, D.D., North Carolina; Myatt & Toler, Ala. tf

OTTO HUBER, JEWELLER AND WATCHMAKER, West-market street, Greensboro, keeps constantly on hand a splendid stock of fine and fashionable jewelry of every description, among which may be found several magnificent sets of coral jewelry. He has also a stock of fine gold and silver watches. All repairing done in the best manner, and warranted. All persons wishing to purchase jewelry will do well to call on him before purchasing elsewhere, as he is confident he can sell as good bargains as can be bought in this market. aug1-tf

WILLIAM C. DONNEL, PHOTOGRAPHIST. Garrett's new building, is taking pictures at fifty cents and upwards. Having just received a large and well assorted variety of cases, he respectfully invites the public generally to call and examine specimens and give him a trial, and if he does not please, he makes no charge. 38-1y

Dry Goods, &c.

1860.....NEW STORE.....1860

GRAND DISPLAY of Fall and Winter GOODS. *DRUCKER, HEILBRUN & CO.*, are now receiving, and will continue to receive during the present season, the most complete assortment of DRY GOODS, BONNETS, CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES, HARDWARE, JEWELRY, GROCERIES, &c., ever brought to this market. Possessing unusual facilities for the purchase of goods from the very first-class Commission, Importing, Manufacturing Houses in the North, they are thus enabled to *defy competition* in any Goods in their line. In

DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING,
HATS, and
SHOES

they call special attention, and in the GROCERY LINE they will not be undersold. Call on us before purchasing elsewhere. Remember the NEW STORE.

DRUCKER, HEILBRUN & WOLFF,
East Market Street, Greensboro.

ODE TO STRANGERS.

Among the houses in town, oh say if thou knowest
O'er which the gay standard of Fashion's unfurled,
Where the welcome is warm and the prices are low est,
And the Clothes are the cheapest and best in the world?
If not—fly at once! To S. ARCHER & Co's hot ake you,
They best can assist you to bear out your plan;
They either have got, or will speedily make you,
The best suit of Clothes ever seen upon man!!

WITHOUT REGARD TO COST! We commence this day to sell off our entire stock of fashionable and superior made clothing—such as:

ALL KINDS OF PATTERNS OF
PANTS, COATS and VESTS; a superb stock of
PLAIN AND FANCY TIES,
SHIRTS, DRAWERS,
HATS, SHOES,
PISTOLS,
PERFUMERY,
WALKING CANES,

and a great many articles too numerous to mention. All those wanting to buy clothing cheaper than ever they were offered in this market, will do well to call on

S. ARCHER & CO.

☞ All those indebted to us will please come forward and pay up, for by doing so they will save cost and no mistake.

WEST GREEN NURSERIES AND GARDENS, near Greensboro.—Gentlemen and Ladies wishing to visit the above establishment, will find hacks, carriages, &c., at Greensboro on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and other days if necessary. For tickets apply to PORTER & GORRELL at the Drug Store. may5-tf WESTBROOK & MENDENHALL.

NEW MAP OF NORTH CAROLINA. Look here, friends and fellow-citizens, will you buy the noble State of North Carolina? If so, send to the subscribers, or subscribe to the county agent, for their new, large and magnificent MAP OF NORTH CAROLINA, and you will get the whole State, with her rivers, railroads, gold, copper, lead, iron and coal mines, and all the cities, towns and villages, her noble mountains and springs, and her fields and flowers. If you want this Golden Prize, now is the time. The map is seven feet by five, with border views of the State-house, insane asylum, Chapel Hill, male and female colleges, &c.; and is one of the cheapest and best maps ever published

Agents are wanted for every county in the State. Terms liberal. PEARCE & BESY,
f Hillsboro, N. C

J. F. JOLLEE, at Winbourne & Witty's old stand, is now receiving and opening his stock of FALL AND WINTER
CLOTHING,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
GROCERIES, &c.,

which he will sell cheap for cash, or to punctual customers on a short credit. A call is solicited from both ladies and gentlemen before purchasing elsewhere. Thankful for past favors, he hopes to merit a continuance of the same. apr21-tf J. F. JOLLEE.

LAMPS, LAMPS, LAMPS, LAMPS—In consequence of gas having been lately introduced into our place, we have left on our hands a large assortment of Kerosine Lamps, which we propose to sell for less than the original cost. We can furnish lamps suited to churches, academies, parlors or kitchens. Call at the Drug Store may5 PORTER & GORRELL.

Children's Department.

EDITED BY WILLIAM H. HUNTER.
"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

A VISIT TO THE TOMBS.

Not the graves, my little friends, but a far darker place, to a good man, was the place I visited. It was the great New York prison.

I had heard of it often, and thought, if I ever was in New York, I would go and see it. One evening, with a kind friend I was walking from the Five Points to Broadway, when I saw a large, gloomy stone building. I needed no one to tell me what it was. It was the dreary prison—the Tombs. I saw before the door of this prison a number of policemen and a dray. The dray had on it a man dead drunk. He was an Irishman. A woman got on the dray and was running her hands in the drunken man's pockets to get his money, when one of the policemen jerked her rudely away and kicked her. It was the first time I ever saw a woman kicked. May it be the last! She was drunk too.

They soon carried the man inside the prison and I saw him no more.

I could not get in that evening, but the next day I came again. Mr. Mead, the Superintendent of the Mission at the Five Points, introduced me to the Matron, and she took me to see the women who were there. Yes, the women! I suppose there were fifty women, all sitting together in a little court yard. Some of them were ragged; some of them dressed very nicely. Some were drunk; some just getting over a drunken frolic. O! how sad it made my heart to see them there!

Then I went to see those who were in cells. The good lady—for she was a good Methodist, said there were one hundred and thirty women in the Tombs that day! I talked to these poor women with tearful eyes, and told them of Jesus and heaven; of the poor woman that was a sinner, of whom he tells us in his word.

As I came out into the court-yard, a great wagon came up. It looked like the wagons they have for bears and lions—all caged with iron. But men were in it. They had been taken up at night, and put in the guard houses and now they were brought to the Tombs.

I went in, then, to see the men. Three stories high, my dear little friends, is this prison, and divided into little cells; and in every cell were prisoners. In one, I saw a bright-eyed, gentlelooking lad of sixteen years. He was there for stealing! I told him of the poor Prodigal, and begged him to pray. I was going out of the prison for men, when I asked one of the keepers if there were any prisoners in another wing.

"Nobody there," he said "but some boys."

"What! boys in the Tombs! Then I must see them."

I went in. They did not see me; and, dear me, what a frolic they were having! As merry were they as ever I saw good boys. As soon as they saw me, they came to the door to chat with me.

"What are you in here for?" I asked one of them.

"O! he's in here," said another, "for stealing twelve dollars."

"And here's a boy," said the one I had spoken to, "who stole thirty dollars."

"And what are you here for?" said I to another.

"I'm in here for nothing, Sir. My boss lost two dollars, and he said I stole it, Sir; and he put me in the Tombs."

They wanted me to give them some books; and one of the little boys brought me a copy of a good man's life.

"Where did you get this?"

"Well, Sir, I got it in a raffle at St. Michale's Church. The men put in a dollar, and I put in a shilling, and I won it, Sir."

None of these boys were Protestant boys.—They had all been brought up Catholics, and permitted to gamble by the Church itself.

Poor boys! I talked to them, and told them the way to be saved.

And thus I finished my visit to the Tombs. I learned one lesson there—one great lesson. It was, that little children should have religion. No one of these boys—of these men—would have been here, had they been good when they were little. O! my dear little friends, will not all of you say from this day, "My Father, thou art the Guide of my youth."

PRATTLING MARY.

In Mariposa, California, there lived a large eyed, beautiful little prattler—Mary Cannon. One evening, when all was silent, she looked up anxiously into the face of her backslidden father,—who had ceased to pray in his family—and said:

"Pa, is God dead?"

"No, my child. Why do you ask such a question as that?"

"Why, pa, you never talk to him now as you used to do."

These words haunted him till he was reclaimed. He related the incident to me while I was travelling the circuit.

Useful Information.

An immense store of rich knowledge is afloat in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical: and which, if collected together, culled and properly arranged, would form a column of useful information invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the mechanic, and the farmer.

BROADCLOTH THE ENEMY OF HEALTH.

Professor Hamilton, in an able address on hygeine to the graduates of the Buffalo Medical College, denounces broadcloth as an enemy to exercise, and therefore to health. His remarks are pointed and sensible. He says:

American gentlemen have adopted as a national costume, broadcloth—a thin, tight fitting suit of broadcloth. To foreigners we seem always to be in mourning; we travel in black. The priest, the lawyer, the doctor, the literary man, the mechanic, and even the day laborer choose always the same monotonous black broadcloth, a style that never ought to have been adopted out of the drawing room or the pulpit: because it is at the North no protection against the cold, nor is it any more suitable at the South.

It is too thin to be warm in winter, and too black to be cool in summer: but especially do we object to it because the wearer is always soiling it by exposure. Young gentlemen will not play ball, pitch quoits, or wrestle or tumble or any other similar thing, lest their broadcloth should be offended. They will not go out into the storm because the broadcloth will lose its lustre if rain fall upon it; they will not run, because they have no confidence in the strength of their broadcloth; they dare not mount a horse or leap a fence, because broadcloth, as everybody knows, is so faithless.

So these young men, and the older men, these merchants, mechanics, and all, learn to walk, talk and think soberly and carefully: they sold no venture even to laugh to the full extent of their sides.

PEA VINE HAY.

To make hay of pea vines, Mr. Edmonston, of N. Carolina, recommends the simple plan of curing as follows:

"As an article of forage or fodder, there is none superior to the pea vine. Horses and cattle will eat it with avidity, and in preference to any other kind of fodder. The difficulty of saving these vines has constituted the chief objection to their use. The writer believes that they can easily be saved, by cutting them off close to the ground with sharp hoes in the month of September: and then, having first provided forks and poles, plant the former in the ground in a straight line, and so place the poles on the forks, that a common sized man can clasp his hands over the pole (i. e. they must be about six feet above the ground.) Place rails, with one end resting upon the pole, about six or eight inches apart after the manner of a top stack for a fodder house, as it is called, leaving both ends open, and upon these rails throw the vines, until they are about one foot deep: throw over all some straw or grass and a good supply of the best fodder for milch cows, or any kind of stock, will be obtained.

STY ON THE EYELID.

The following is vouched for as being an excellent remedy for a "Sty on the Eyelid:" Put a teaspoonful of black tea in a small bag; pour on to it just enough boiling water to moisten it; then put it on the eye pretty warm.—Keep it on all night, and in the morning the sty will most likely be gone: if not, a second application is certain to remove it.

HOW TO TELL GOOD COAL.

A writer gives the following instructions to consumers of coal in making their purchases:

Almost all coal has "bone" in it. That is it has hard lumps that cannot be burned, keep them in the stove as long as you may: and in bad coal the proportion of "bone" is sometimes very large. Here is a great waste that somebody has to bear the expense of. How shall consumers avoid it? Attention to the following rule will in a great measure ensure a good article of coal: and the best is always the cheapest. In proportion as coal has broad flat pieces of a dull or coal-dust look, it is "bony" and worthless. If the lumps are smooth and of a shiny black color and of a shape approaching a square, that coal is the sort to buy, even if it does cost a little more. We will add in addition that if in burning a good article of coal the fire should happen to go out if the lumps are taken out and washed free from the ashes they will burn much more readily than without this treatment. With the hard "bony" coal spoken of above, however, this treatment will not avail; it cannot be made to burn again. Examine the coal you buy.

CURE FOR WORTS AND CORNS.

The bark of a willow tree, burnt to ashes, mixed with strong vinegar, and applied to the parts, will remove all corns and excrescences on any part of the body.

TO DESTROY BED BUGS.

Coal oil is said to be a sure destroyer of bed bugs. Apply plentifully with a small brush or feather to the places where they most do congregate. The cure is effectual and permanent. Gilt frames, chandeliers, &c., rubbed lightly over with coal oil, will not be disturbed by flies.

DENDROMETER.

A small pocket instrument has been invented in Edinburg, by which an angle of 45 degrees is readily obtained with top of the tree, and the level from the stem to the eye; thus forming a right angle triangle, in which the height of the perpendicular is equal to that of the base.

Salad for the Solitary.

Wit is brush-wood, Judgement timber: the one gives the greatest blaze, the other yields the darkest Heat: and both meeting make the best Fire. SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

He that will do no more than needs must, will soon be brought to omit something of his duty, and will be apt to believe less to be necessary than is.

"Julius, did you attend de last meeting ob de Abolition Debating Society?" "Yes, sir." "Well, what was de fust ting dat came up before de house?" "De fust ting dat came up before de house?—why it was a charcoal cart."

Every man talks of his neighbor's heart as though it was his own watch,—a thing to be seen in all its works and abused for irregular going.

The worst education, which teaches self-denial, is better than the best which teaches everything else, and not that.

A sheriff's officer was sent to execute a writ against a Quaker. On arriving at the house he saw the Quaker's wife, who in reply to the inquiry whether her husband was at home answered in the affirmative at the same time requesting him to be seated and her husband would be there see him. The officer waited patiently some time, but the fair Quakeress coming into the room, he reminded her of her promise that he should see her husband. "Nay friend, I promised that he should see thee. He has seen thee. He did not like thy looks, therefore he avoided thee, and has left the house by another path."

"Well George," asked a friend of a young lawyer, "how do you like your profession?" "Alas, sir, my profession is better than my practice."

A soldier being asked if he met with much hospitality while he was in Ireland, replied "That he was in the hospital nearly all the time he was there."

One of our writers, dwelling upon the importance of small things, says that he always takes "note, even of a straw." Especially, perhaps, if there's a sherry cobler at one end of it.

A country paper, speaking ferociously of the arrest of a fellow for selling a bogus watchguard, says: "The *chain* of *gall* is complete, it having been ascertained that it was a *gilt chain*."

"May I leave a few tracts?" asked a missionary of an elderly lady who responded to his knock. "Leave some tracks? certainly you may," said she looking at him most benignly over her specks? "leave them with the heels to-wards the door, if you please."

An old Dutch acquaintance, some years ago who was elected a member of the——Legislature, said in his broken English style:

"Ven I vent to de Lechislatuas, I thought I vould find dem all Solomons dere, but I soon found dere was some as pick fools dere as I was myself."

"Doctor," said an old lady the other day to her family physician, "kin you tell me how it is that some folks are born dumb?" Why, hem—why, certainly madam," replied the doctor "it is owing to the fact that they come into the world without speech." "La me!" remarked the old lady, "now just see what it is to have a physic edication: I've axed my old man more'n a hundred times that are same thing."

A poor blacksmith in Alleghany county, Pa. being down in the world took to boring for oil on a little lot that he owned. It was rumored that he was successful, and as he had a daughter some of the village beaux thought it worth while to notice her. One of them attempted to break the ice of a long neglect, by offering to escort her home from meeting on Sunday evening when turning upon him, with a look of scorn, she exclaimed, "You can't come that. Dad has struck *ile*."

In the committee on the factory bill, a witness from Dundee was asked:

"When do your girls marry?"

"Whenever they can meet with a husband," was the reply.

"I meant to have told you of that hole" said an Irishman to his friend who was walking with him in his garden and tumbled into a pit of water.

"No matter," says Pat, blowing the mud and water out of his mouth, "I've found it."

In addressing a jury upon one occasion, the celebrated Lord Jeffrey found it necessary to make free with the character of a military officer who was present. Upon hearing himself several times, contemptuously spoken of as "the soldier," the son of Mars, boiling with indignation, interrupted the pleader. "Don't call me a soldier, sir: I'm an officer." Lord Jeffreys immediately went on, "Well, gentlemen, this officer, *who is no soldier*, was the sole cause of all the mischief that had occurred.

A veterinary student when under examination, was asked what he would recommend if there was a horse brought to him with a particular disease.

"Och! by the powers," was the answer, "I'd recommend the owner to get rid of him immediately."

The following dispatch, says the Toledo Blade, went through by telegraph, recently:

"Charley and Julia met at S——, yesterday—quarreled and parted forever—met again this morning and parted to meet no more, met again this evening and were married.

Richmond.

CHAS. H. ANDERSON.....ALEXIUS GREEN.....JNO. A. HAWES.

ANDERSON, GREEN & HAWES, (Successors to Aug. Anderson & Co.) Wholesale dealers in Ribbons, Bonnets and Millinery Goods, 101 Main Street, *RICHMOND, VA.* aug. 25—6mp.

CARLTON, CHAMBERLAIN & CO., No. 111 Main Street, *RICHMOND*, Virginia, Wholesale Dealers in Boots, Shoes, Hats, Sole Leather, French and American Calf Skins, Shoe Thread, Wrapping and wrapping Paper, Trunks, Twine, &c. Also of their own manufacture heavy sewed Brogans, suitable for Plantation and Railroad hands. They keep always on hand the largest and best selected stock of goods in their line, to be found in this market—all of which will be sold on the most accommodating terms. aug. 25—6m.

1859....FALL TRADE....DIRECT IMPORTATION....1859.

CLARKSON, ANDERSON & CO., No. 100 Main street, *RICHMOND, VA.*, IMPORTERS OF HARDWARE, CUTLERY, GUNS, AND "ANCHOR" ROOFING CLOTHS, have received, per ship "Susan Hinks," direct to this port, their Fall importation of fine and heavy Hardware, and from the manufacturers in the Eastern States, their goods of American make to which they invite the attention of the merchants of Virginia, Tennessee and North Carolina, guaranteeing to sell as cheap as can be bought in any city, North or East. They are also agents for "Fairbank's" very celebrated Scales, which they sell at manufacturers' prices. Orders shall receive their prompt and careful attention. Sept. 1—1y.

DOUBLE REFINED STEAM CANDLES.—My factory is now complete, and by far the largest establishment of the kind south of Philadelphia, which enables me to offer to the trade of VIRGINIA, NORTH CAROLINA, and TENNESSEE, an article of city made Steam Refined Crushed Sugar Candy. Warranted to stand in any climate. Much below the Northern price for an article of like standard.
LOUIS J. BOSSIEUX,
mrh1-6m No. 80 Main st., Richmond, Va.

DIME HOTEL and RESTAURANT. Kept on the *EUROPEAN PLAN* at 81 Main Street, *RICHMOND, VA.* Lodging Rooms by the DAY, WEEK or MONTH. Meals at all hours.
Sept. 1.—6m. W. H. HAYWARD.

1859.....FALL TRADE.....1859

FISHER & SHEPHERD, (late Fisher & Winston,) WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS, No. 125 Main Street, *RICHMOND, VA.*, offer to country merchants, druggists and physicians through out the States of Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee a large, varied, and well selected stock of pure and reliable Medicines, Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, French and American Window Glass, Physicians' Outfits, Patent Medicines, Fancy Articles, Imported Cigars of the best quality, choice brands of Chewing Tobacco, &c.

They are Agents for many of the most noted and valuable Mineral Waters, which are always on hand—all of which will be sold as low as can be purchased in this or any other market.

They cordially and confidently invite a call from purchasers, assuring them that every article shall be of the best quality.

Particular attention given to every department of the business. All orders attended to promptly and with care. [aug. 18—3m.]

P. NOVAL.....DIRECT IMPORTATION.....

GEO. J. SUMNER & CO., Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in China, Glass and Earthenware, Looking Glasses, Cutlery, Plated Ware, and House Furnishing Goods, have removed to their new Store, Iron Front Buildings, Governor Street, (next Main,) where, with greatly increased facilities for the accommodation of the trade, they hope to receive a continuance of the extensive patronage so liberally bestowed upon them at their old stand. We are now receiving our Fall Stock, which is largest and most complete than has ever before been offered in the Southern markets, and would we beg to call the attention of *MERCHANTS IN VIRGINIA* to our stock before purchasing *ELSEWHERE*, as *WE CAN AND WILL PURCHASE AND SELL IN ANY HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY, guarantee to duplicate bills bought from any regular jobbing house in Va.* Our senior partner has been engaged all Summer in selecting goods in the principal European markets, having spent some time in the potteries in England, and visited the principal manufacturers of France, Germany, Prussia, Austria, and the Bohemian provinces. We shall be enabled to offer our goods on the best terms and respectfully request an examination of our stock and prices, assuring them of our ability *promptly* to fill all orders, as we have largely increased our force, and believe we have the very *best prices* in the trade. A call solicited.
Richmond, Va. GEO. J. SUMNER.
Sept. 1.—2m. T. B. KELLOG.

GEORGE L. BIDGOOD, Bookseller, STATIONER and dealer in FANCY ARTICLES, Agent of the Book and Tract Depository of the Virginia Conference, No. 101 Main street, one door below Messrs. Kent, Paine & Co.) *RICHMOND, VA.*, keeps on hand one of the Largest and most complete assortment of Books, in his line, in the South—and at publisher's Rates. Special attention to orders. Sept. 1—6m.

J. B. FERGUSON, JR.....WM. G. FERGUSON.....J. M. NEWTON.

J. B. FERGUSON, BROTHER & CO., Importers and Jobbers of *DRY GOODS*, No. 9, Pearl St., *RICHMOND, Va.*, beg leave to call the attention of the trade to their Fall Stock. *Imported Direct* from the European Markets. To prompt six months buyers they are prepared to offer great inducements. Sept. 1—3m.

ESTABLISHED.....IN 1838.

KEEN, BALDWIN & WILLIAMS, Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in *SUPERFINE CLOTHING and GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS*, No. 102 MAIN STREET, RICHMOND, Virginia, keep constantly on hand the Largest Stock and Latest Styles to be found in the State. Having unequalled facilities, they are prepared to offer the greatest inducements. Every Article Warranted. Sept. 1—3m.

PURCELL, LADD & CO., Druggists, 122 Main, Corner 13th Streets, *RICHMOND, VA.*, offer for sale, in quantities to suit purchasers—2,500 lbs. Best Indigo, 6 hhds. prime Madder, 500 kegs Sup. Carb. Soda, 100 cases do. in 1 lb. papers, 25 casks Sal. Soda, 800 ounces Sulph. Quinine, 500 kegs Lewis White Lead, oil, 2,000 lbs. Cream Tartar, 100 bags Sifted Pepper, 50 do. Allspice, 50 do. Ginger, prime, 150 lbs. Pow'd Spices, pure, 25 kegs Castor Oil, prime, 25 do. Alcohol, 5 tons "HH" Zinc in oil, 100 lbs. Starch, 50 kegs Burning Fluid, 50 do. Coal Oil, 25 do. Sperm Oil, 25 do. Lard oil, 50 do. Machine Oil, 40 do. Linseed Oil, 50 kegs Spirits Turpentine, 4,000 gallons Lamp Oil, 250 cases Sweet Oil, 100 do. Extract Logwood, 15 kegs assorted Emery, 2,000 lbs. refined Borax, 6 hhds. do. Camphor, Resin E., pure Saltpetre, 25 bbls. Venetian Red, 2,000 lbs. French Window Glass, assorted sizes. With a full stock of other articles and patent medicines, Fancy Soaps, Perfumes, Painters' Colors, Brushes, &c., &c., on our usual terms. PURCELL, LADD & CO., Druggists,
122 Main street, corner 13th.
N. B.—Particular and prompt attention to packing or forwarding orders. aug. 25—2m.

R. L. DICKINSON, (successor to Binford, Dickinson & Weisiger,) manufacturers of all kinds of Silk and Fur Hats, and wholesale dealer in Hats, Caps, Ladies' and Children's Furs, No. 78 Main st., Richmond, Va. mrh31-1y

THOS. M. SMITH.....EDW'D H. RHODES.....G. W. WILSON.....W. S. HURT.

SMITH, RHODES & CO., Importers and dealers in Hardware, Cutlery, Guns, Saddlery, Anchor Bolting Cloth, &c., No. 22, Pearl Street, *RICHMOND, VA.* aug. 25—6m.

PHILIP RAHM, EAGLE MACHINE WORKS, Cary, between 14th and 15th Streets, *Richmond, Va.*, Manufacturer of Portable and Stationary Steam Engines of any required power, with either Locomotive, Flue or cylinder Boilers; Sugar Mills, Circular Saw Mills, Irons for Vertical Saw Mills, Grist Mills, Draining Machines, Shingle, Lathe and Planing Machines, Tobacco Factory Fixtures of every description, and all kinds of castings in iron and brass. The subscriber was awarded by the Virginia Mechanics Institute the First Class Diploma, on the 13th November 1854, for a Steam Engine and Circular Saw Mill, and by the Virginia State Agricultural Society, premiums for Saw Mill in 1856, and for the best Steam Engine applicable to agricultural purposes, the premium of fifty dollars in 1857; also, by the U. S. Agricultural Society held in Richmond, Va., October 1858, the Grand Gold Medal of Honor! for the best Portable Steam Engine for farm use. He refers, by permission, to Governor Henry A. Wise, Messrs. Warwick & Barksdale, Dunlop, Moncure & Co., Haxall, Grenshaw & Co., and S. McGruder's Sons.
Sept. 1.—4m. PHILIP RAHM.

RICHARDSON & CO., deal exclusively in, and keep for sale in quantities to suit purchasers, at their Ware-Rooms, No. 95 Main street, *RICHMOND, Va.*, all kinds of *CARPETINGS, MATTINGS, FLOOR OIL CLOTHS, RUGS, MATS*, Curtain Goods, Window Shades, Table Oil Cloths, Piano and Table Covers, &c. They will have made to order Carpets, Oil Cloths, Window Curtains and Shades. We have received our Imported Goods for the Fall trade, and are now prepared to offer buyers a splendid Stock to select from, of goods in our line—the assortment, embracing goods from the lowest to the highest prices, that will be sold at moderate profits. In our Curtain department will be found the latest styles of material with all the trimmings, fixtures, &c., of the best kind. Visitors to the City are respectfully invited to examine our stock. Sept. 8.—6mp.

CHAS. STEBBINS.....B. E. PULLEN.....J. GARLAND STEBBS.

STEBBINS, PULLEN & CO., Importers and Dealers in *EARTHENWARE, CHINA and GLASS*, Silver Plated Goods, Castors, Tea Sets, Cake Baskets, &c. Gas Fixtures, Lamps, Fancy Goods, &c. House Furnishing Goods, Mirrors, Waiters, Table Cutlery, &c.—Wholesale and Retail, No. 101 Broad Street, Corner above Washington Monument, *RICHMOND, VA.*
Sept. 1.—3m.

SOUTHERN HAT MANufactory, established 1826. The subscriber respectfully invites the attention of the Merchants of Virginia and North Carolina to this extensive Stock of *Home and Foreign Manufactured Hats*. Purchasers will find it to their interest to call at the store previous to going further North—as he is leaving nothing undone, sparing no expense or pains to keep the store supplied with the *Latest Trade of the South*. Goods sold in this House will be warranted to compare favorably in quality and prices with goods coming from any other market. There will be found all the qualities of Wool and Fur Hats, from the low-price Negro hat to the finest quality for Gentlemen—also, boys' and children's hats and caps of all grades and styles. Ladies' Riding Hats and Ladies' Furs of all the various qualities. Purchasers will do well to call and examine.
Sept. 1.—6m JOHN DODLEY.
Richmond, Va.

1860.....FALL TRADE.....1860

TO THE MERCHANTS OF VIRGINIA, NORTH CAROLINA, and TENNESSEE. We only receive one of our large and varied stock of Dry Goods, *ENGLISH, FRENCH, GERMAN and AMERICAN*, feeling assured we can offer to you greater inducements to purchase from us than heretofore. Our *Foreign Goods* have been selected by one of our firm who is just returned from the European Markets, and most of our importations will come directly to this port.

We have a large assortment of *VIRGINIA* and *Southern made BLANKETS and OSNABURGS*. Also full assortment of Northern made Fabrics suited to the Southern Trade, all of which we will sell at small advance on cost to the present trade. ELLETT & DREWRY,
mrh31-6m—3m. No. 17 Pearl st., Richmond, Va.

VALUABLE LAW BOOKS, Published by A. MORRIS, *RICHMOND, VA.* Robinson's Practice, Vols. 1, 2, 3, 4. The Practice in Courts of Justice in England and the United States, by Conway Robinson.

Vol. 1. As to the place and time of a transaction originating; treating chiefly of the conflict of laws and the statute of limitation.

Vol. 2. Treating of the subject matter of personal actions in other words of the right of action.

Vol. 3. Treating of personal actions with respect to the parties who may sue and be sued; the form of actions and the frame of the pleadings.

Vol. 4. As to the pleading in personal actions; treating particularly of declarations, and giving forms thereof.

HON. JUDGE LOMAX'S WORKS: Lomax's Executors and Administrators, 2 vols. Sheep 1850. Lomax's Digest, 2 vols. Sheep. 1839.

MR. LANDIS: History of a Suit in Equity. 4.00. Sedgwick's American Form Book. 2.50. Call's Virginia Reports, 4 vols. 20.00. Henning & Munford's Reports, Complete, 4 vols. 20.00. Washington's Reports, 1 vol.

IN PRESS: A new edition of the Digest of the Va. Reports. By A. H. Sands, Esq., from Jefferson to Gilmer. Tate's Digest has been entirely rewritten, and greatly improved, rendering it a perfect and complete Index to all the Virginia Reports to the present time.
Sep. 22—2m.

WADSWORTH, TURNER & CO., *RICHMOND, VA.*, Importers and Wholesale Dealers in Foreign and Domestic *DRY GOODS* and sole Agents for Virginia, of the celebrated "Rock Island, S. C. Woolen Companies," Jerseys, Jeans and Cassimeres. We refer to the Trade, a large stock of the best Foreign Fabrics selected by our resident Agent in Europe, and imported direct to this market: and also a complete and full assortment of American Goods, both purchased by and consigned to us, at such rates, as to offer as great inducements to purchasers, as can possibly be presented in any other market. Sept. 1.—6m.

1860.....FALL TRADE.....1860

WM. F. BUTLER & SON, No. 19, Pearl Street, *RICHMOND, VA.*, Importers and Wholesale Dealers in China, Earthenware and Glass, Oil and other Lamps, Looking Glasses, Castors, and fancy goods, have received, of their own Importation from England direct to this port, and from the American Manufactories a very large and varied assortment of goods in their line, which they offer to the trade, as low as they can be bought north of this market. Importing their goods direct, as they have done for the last 25 years, they can and will sell as low as any Northern House, and respectfully ask the patronage of the Southern trade and public generally. *Store Wire at Factory prices.* Goods packed with great care, and forwarded with the least possible delay.
Sept. 1.—8t.

Norfolk and Portsmouth.

FALL TRADE.....1860.

HERMAN & CO., NORFOLK, VA., Wholesale Dealers in *BOOTS, SHOES, LEATHER*, and everything else found in an extensive Shoe establishment. Sep. 15.

2000 PACKAGES BOOTS, SHOES, &c., just received from the hands of manufacturers and for SALE at 5 per cent. less than Northern prices—Nos. 3 & 4 Iron Front, Market Square, *NORFOLK, VA.*
Sep. 15. HERMAN & CO.

M. A. & C. A. SANTOS, No. 3 & 5 Main street and No. 51 Bank street, Norfolk, Va., Importers and Dealers in *DRUGS, PAINTS, OILS, Window Glass, Seeds, Spices, Sugars, Soaps, Perfumery, &c., &c.* Our stock will always be large and select, and buying from first hands, and to a great extent for cash, and at the proper time, we can give a assurance of the excellence of our Goods, and can sell at the Lowest Market Rates. M. A. & C. A. SANTOS.
Sept. 1.—1y.

R. G. STAPLES, CARD-WRITER, Portsmouth, Va., solicits orders. Cards containing two lines or less written and forwarded, prepaid for $1 50 per pack; cards of more than two lines $2 00 per pack, pre-paid to the address of those ordering. tf

ROWLAND & BROTHERS, COMMISSION MERCHANTS, Norfolk, Va., are prepared to receive and dispose of advantageously any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience together with every facility and ability, enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for and refer to among others: P. C. Cameron, W. J. Bingham, Orange; Hon. T. Ruffin, J. Newlin & Sons, Alamance; J. H. Haughton, Chatham; White & Cameron, C. Phifer & Co., Concord; C. F. Fisher, Salisbury; E. G. Reade, Person; W. J. Holmes, Rowan. Authorized agents for The TIMES, to receive subscriptions, etc. 6-ly

KING & TOY, *Wholesale Druggists*, NORFOLK, VA., offer to Druggists and General Dealers, the largest stock and best assortment in the South of *Drugs, Paints, Oils, Glass, Perfumery, Dye-stuffs*, patent medicines, &c., at New York wholesale prices, for cash.
Sept. 1—1y.

W. T. WALKE.....J. A. WALKE, M. D.....W. E. GODWIN.

WALKE & CO., Importers and Jobbers of DRUGS, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, and Druggists' Fancy Goods, *NORFOLK, VA.* Sept. 1—1y.

Professional Cards.

J. W. HOWLETT, D. D. S.....J. F. HOWLETT.

J. W. HOWLETT & SON, DENTISTS, Greensboro, N. C. 1-ly

JOHN W. PAYNE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, having permanently located in Greensboro, will attend the courts of Guilford, Randolph and Davidson, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands. 6-ly

GEORGE W. COTHRAN, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Lockport, Niagara county, N. Y. 106-tf

JACOB T. BROWN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, High Point, N. C., will attend to any business entrusted to his care. 111-ly

LEVI M. SCOTT.....WILLIAM L. SCOTT.

SCOTT & SCOTT, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, Greensborough, N. C. will attend the courts of Guilford, Alamance, Randolph, Davidson, Forsythe, Orange and Rockingham. All claims entrusted to them for collection, will receive prompt attention. Office on North Elm street, fourth door from Lindsay's corner. jan 21-ly

$100 PER MONTH!—Any young man can make One Hundred Dollars in one month, with Tools for cutting Stencil Plates for marking clothes, books, &c.; which tools I will furnish, for $10. Try it. All money at my risk, if registered. Address,
JUSTIN S. CRESSY,
may19—6m Drawer 23, Hillsdale, Michigan.